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The Week.

THE bill for admitting Alabama, the bill exempting most manufactures from internal revenue taxes, and the business of impeachment have been the principal matters before Congress during the week just passed. Besides these, there was some little excitement over the resolution to regulate the tariff for freight and passengers going over the Pacific Railroad, and incidentally to the tax-exemption bill there was a good deal of discussion of the laws intended to prevent whiskey-frauds. As for the railroad resolution, the House listened willingly to the reading of the rule which forbids a member's voting on any matter in the settlement of which he has an immediate pecuniary interest, and then speedily referred the resolution to the Committee on the Pacific Railroad. This was not done, however, till after Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, had made the House listen to plain talk as to how the corporations are preying on the public and buying their representatives. In sixteen years, he said, during which he had served in the House, he had never witnessed a scene like that when in June, 1864, under the lead of Mr. Price, of Iowa, and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and under the eyes of a crowd of male and female lobbyists who swarmed in the very seats of members, the House passed the amended Pacific Railroad bill of 1864. As regards the whiskey question, neither House nor Senate shows any disposition to alter the law imposing the two-dollar tax. They agree in making more and more severe the penalties to be inflicted on persons violating the law. After several committees of conference the two Houses have brought the two nearly identical bills which they passed in regard to the tax on manufactures to a form which both can accept. It is not materially different from what it was when we mentioned it last week. The tax is taken from all but four or five articles. In the matter of the admission of Alabama, the House has come to a conclusion which differs decidedly and much for the better from the conclusion reached by Mr. Farnsworth and the Committee on Reconstruction. The committee reported a bill which met with favor from the extreme Radicals, and which was entirely the same with that once before brought forward. Mr. Spalding brought forward as a substitute a new bill, and succeeded in getting it passed. The Senate, on Thursday, passed over the President's veto—32 to 9—the bill regulating the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in certain cases. The debate was a strong one, and turned not on the

message, but on the merits of the McArdle case. On Friday the House, by a vote of 112 to 34, also passed the bill over the veto. On Thursday, too, the Senate ratified the treaty with North Germany relative to the rights of naturalized American citizens when in the country of their birth. On Monday the House resolved that the resolution passed by the New Jersey Legislature relative to the withdrawing of New Jersey's ratification of the pending Constitutional Amendment was couched in scandalous and insulting language, and should be returned to that body. On the same day Mr. Butler made the opening speech for the prosecution in the President's trial. On Tuesday the trial went on. Some unimportant witnesses were heard, and, after discussion, the Senate decided that the right of primary decision, subject to the Senate's revision of all questions of law and evidence, lies with the presiding officer.

Since the New Hampshire election Democrats no longer talk of carrying Connecticut by a majority of four or five thousand. The Republicans, on the other hand, grow more and more confident of making such gains as shall overcome Mr. English's majority of 987 and give them the State. A change of less than fifty-three hundredths of one per cent. on the total vote of last year would be sufficient to fulfil their predictions—that is to say, if, out of the 94,154 men who went to the polls last year, 494 who then voted with the Democrats should on Monday next vote with the Republicans, Mr. English will be defeated. The Republican hope that this will be so, is supported by many probable reasons. To begin with, the negro suffrage question does not enter directly into this spring's contest. Then, last year the desire of the working-men for an eight-hour law enured to the benefit of Mr. English; this year that question, too, may be said to be out of the way. For last winter the Republican Legislature and the Democratic Governor united with cheerful unanimity and with the utmost gravity in making an eight-hour law—worth considerably less than the ink used in engrossing it—the credit of which is to be divided between the two parties about equally. Furthermore, the Republicans are not this year, as they were last, weighted with Mr. P. T. Barnum, who, in his Congressional district, ran some hundreds—267—"behind his ticket," and whose name undoubtedly hurt the Republican party throughout the State. And Mr. Jewell has shown his ability to draw out in his own district (senatorial) a vote about as much heavier than the strict party vote as Mr. Barnum's in Litchfield and Fairfield was lighter than that. Again, Mr. Johnson in April, 1867, seemed to have before him two years of power; now he seems to have but a few weeks, and surely has so few months that his pleasure as regards their votes may safely be disregarded by the gentlemen who hold offices—a class not to be left unconsidered in a State where for two years majorities have been between five hundred and a thousand. Finally, it is believed by more than nine hundred men in a thousand in Connecticut as elsewhere that Grant is almost sure to be the next President; in other words, that the Republicans are going to carry the country next fall, and election results in April will no doubt be appreciably affected by what is believed of results in November. Certainly, however, the fight is a hard one and victory will be glorious rather than overwhelming. The Democrats have hidden away Mr. C. C. Burr, Mr. H. C. Dean, and Mr. "Brick" Pomeroy, and have put forward men of the character of Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Seymour, Mr. S. J. Tilden, Mr. Doolittle, and Mr. Hendricks. The Republican speakers, with General Sickles and Mr. Harriman at the head of them, have been numerous, good, and indefatigably active. But in endeavoring to calculate the chances of the struggle, it is proper to bear in mind that there is an element, operative for the one side and the other, the influence of

which outsiders can only guess at beforehand, and can hardly judge of fully even by its effects recorded in the election returns. A heavy expenditure of money is going on; there is probably an active manufacture of voters—a branch of business in which the Democrats, holding as they do the large towns, have the advantage of their opponents—and, generally, recourse is had to every possible electioneering trick.

The new Alabama bill is very much better than the one it displaced, and is good in itself. It declares the constitution formed by the late convention the fundamental and organic law for a State government, but for a State government that shall be merely provisional. This temporary government is to be in the hands of the officers elected at the late election, and the new governor may, if he likes, convene the legislature which was chosen at the same time with himself. We do not know why the government thus formed is not as fairly representative of the people of Alabama, and of as high origin, as the provisional government, set up by Mr. Johnson, which has held power since 1865. The legislature is empowered to resubmit the just defeated constitution to the registered voters, a majority of whom shall be a sufficient number to ratify it. The legislature may submit it unamended; but of course it will be submitted with amendments, and probably with amendments that will make it acceptable to many who voted against it before or did not vote at all. When it is thus ratified and the legislature shall have ratified the pending amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it may be presented to Congress for approval. Meantime Alabama remains, as now, under military rule—a fact on which we look with satisfaction.

The bill depriving the Supreme Court of appellate jurisdiction in habeas corpus cases has been passed over the President's veto and is now a law. There has been a good deal of raving about its unconstitutionality by people who understand the matter perfectly well, and who have probably imposed on a good many of those who do not. For the benefit of the latter, we may explain that by the act of 1789, which gave the Federal courts the power of issuing writs of habeas corpus, there was no right of appeal to the Supreme Court. An act of 1867 did give this right, with the view of providing more effectual protection for the blacks and Unionists at the South, in cases arising under the Civil Rights bill, or against prosecutions arising out of acts committed during the war. McCardle having been arrested by the military authorities at Vicksburg under the Reconstruction Act, applied for a habeas corpus to the United States Circuit Court in Mississippi, which remanded him, after a hearing, into custody. He accordingly appealed under the Act of 1867, and Congress, fearing that this would bring the constitutionality of the Reconstruction Act under review in the Supreme Court, and being of the opinion that the Supreme Court has no right to review it, very properly avoided a possible collision by taking from the court the appellate jurisdiction in cases of this kind which last year they conferred on it. The objection to the proceeding is that it is legislation with a view to a particular case, and not legislation based on a general principle, but the case is of such a nature that this objection is reduced to a minimum. Compared to the plan of increasing the number of judges, or of fixing the number necessary to deliver a judgment, this bill may be called absolutely free from objection, as it leaves the independence and dignity of the court unimpaired.

General Butler has written a letter to a friend, explaining and defending his course with regard to the national finances. He says he proposed his plan because he saw that the Democratic party was going to propose to issue \$2,000,000 in greenbacks to pay off the bonds, and that, therefore, he advocated a "counter-proposition" to pay them off in the greenbacks already in existence, which "should take all seeming or actual wrong"—we use his own words—"from the public debt." He advocates this, he says, "in the interest of his constituents and of the Republican party, because nine-tenths of all the bonds were held east of a meridian drawn through Lake Ontario, and three-fourths of all the votes on which the party must rely were west of that meridian, where there were no bonds." In this last sentence, the cat jumps out of

the bag—as the popular saying is. The desire of taking "the actual or seeming wrong" from the public debt has really had no more to do with the Butler-Sherman-Stevens "counter-proposition," than the desire of christianizing the Jews. General Butler knows perfectly well that there is no "actual wrong" in the public debt, and the way to take "seeming wrong" from it, or from anything else, is to enlighten those who think they see the wrong where it does not exist, not by falling in with their delusion, as if they were hypochondriacs. The "counter-proposition" is, in fact, as we intimated last week, a base bid on the part of some Republicans for the votes of base or ignorant men, and the special pleading of the Butlers and Shermans is simply a feeble attempt to disguise its real nature. Some of the leaders act as if they thought that when a good citizen meets a band of rioters on their way to burn a man's house, his duty is, not to remonstrate with them, or oppose them, or call the police, but to put himself at their head, and superintend the execution of the crime, representing it as perfectly justifiable, taking care to deprive it as far as possible of all features of unusual atrocity, such as the roasting of the family or the destruction of valuable papers.

The bemuddling influence of the negro on the white mind was always one of the most striking features of the anti-slavery agitation, but during that agitation it was mostly exemplified in the case of pro-slavery writers and voters. Since emancipation, although he still retains his old power of confounding his enemies, as any one may see who reads many of the arguments against negro suffrage, he seems no longer to spare his friends, and they are accordingly using him as a disguise for a good many odd things. Wendell Phillips has established, for instance, his own idea of what constitutes friendliness to the negro, as an absolute standard of morality in public men; anybody who does not come up to it, he holds as irredeemably bad. So General Butler, whenever he wants to put a good face on a doubtful transaction, refers, with perfect simplicity, to his share in emancipation, as making all his other performances right; just as the enemies of the negro, with equal simplicity, sought to justify Governor Eyre's Jamaica massacres by alleging that he had walked round the Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia. At the close of the letter to which we have referred in the foregoing paragraph, General Butler shows that inasmuch as he advocated emancipation one year before it took place, the arming of the blacks in 1862, three years before the Government resorted to it, and impartial suffrage in 1866, one year before the party took it up, nothing that people now say against his financial views can be of much consequence, or, as he expresses it, "premature clamor about them is but little annoyance." One sees, in fact, in the working of his mind, the working of the process by which political parties, started in defence of principle, gradually decline, and as they decline use their earlier goodness to cover over and excuse their later baseness, just as the Democratic party during the latter years of its existence strengthened its support of slavery by recalling its exertions on behalf of poor whites. What gives a touch of the comical to General Butler's case is that such a man as General Schouler was turned out of office in Massachusetts by the Governor little over a year ago, for expressing doubts as to whether General Butler was a fit person to represent a Massachusetts constituency. We suggested at the time—if our readers will pardon the recollection—that it would be well to wait and see how General Butler turned out, before dismissing General Schouler.

The Chicago *Tribune* maintains we are wrong in supposing that repudiation is the almost universal sentiment of the West, and declares that the heresy is confined to Indiana and Ohio, and that even in these States it is declining every day. We can only say that we are very glad to hear it, and that we have little doubt that the *Tribune* knows more about it than we do, but we must also observe that our opinions about it have not been based either on our own knowledge or observation, but on those of very well-informed persons. The *Tribune* also twits us in an ill-natured manner upon the fact that Messrs. Butler and Stevens, the arch-repudiators, have their bright home "in the midst of the glorious sunrise," and suggests that, this being the case, we have no business to throw all the blame of the repudiation cry on the West. Our answer to this is, while acknowledging with sorrow the claims of

the East on both these gentlemen, that they make no secret of the fact that they prepared their scheme of "redeeming the public debt with irredeemable shinplasters" expressly for the Western market; and in order that there might be no mistake about it, General Butler has drawn a "meridian," as he tells us in a pleasing letter lately published in Boston, "through Lake Ontario," on the western side of which he says he can get no votes for his party without the aid of his peculiar financial views. With this explanation we leave the matter between him and the *Chicago Tribune*, simply observing that a politician who takes astronomical observations preparatory to a Presidential campaign is not a man to be treated lightly.

General Butler has made the opening speech in the impeachment trial. It lasted five hours, and was read from printed slips, a circumstance which, as the *Tribune* correspondent well remarks, "detracted merely from the thrilling effect it might otherwise have had." We learn from the same authority that "the speech was one of the best efforts ever put forth in the United States, even in the palmiest days of the oratory of the Republic." There was one passage in it which, however, we are glad we did not hear—that on the New Orleans riots—inasmuch as, according to the correspondent, the orator "ground it out between his teeth like the screeching of a hundred saws, commingled with rumbling of an artillery carriage across a rugged pavement." When he made his "allusion to all our woes coming from the acting President," he "concentrated it with an exquisite touch of mingled pathos and sarcasm," we are also told, showing that the general's "allusions" are more formidable than other men's propositions. Finally, said he, speaking of the "acting President" aforesaid, "I throw round him the mercy of my silence," uttering these words "in a cruelly severe tone of contemptuous irony." We leave it to the reader to imagine what must be "the contemptuous irony" of a speaker whose invective sounds like the commingled screeching of a hundred circular saws and the rumbling of one gun-carriage on a bad pavement.

The speech itself, as it appears in print, without the aid of the general's tones, is both carefully prepared and able. It is all argument; or, at least, as close an approach to mere argument as is necessary, till he gets to the last charge, that of bad language—what canon lawyers call "brawling"—in the speeches delivered at the West, and here he belabors the President without mercy, and, on the whole, in language not unjustifiably strong; but too strong to be very effective before any calmer or more critical audience than a jury. The substance of the speech is so familiar to the public that it would be a waste of space to reproduce it, particularly as Mr. Wilson's summing up at the close will be the speech of the occasion, and that which will either make or mar the managers' case.

We regret much to find that some of our remarks last week on the judicial proceedings in the "Erie war" have been taken to convey an imputation against the professional conduct of the counsel acting for Mr. Drew. Nothing was further from our intention. We did say of the proceedings that they resembled those of a police court rather than a court of equity, but we spoke of this as part of a deplorable state of things for which the public, and not the counsel, are primarily responsible. We certainly did not desire to cast any censure on any individuals. As long as the courts of this city are in the condition they are in, the most high-minded men must either abandon the field altogether, and leave the administration of justice wholly in the hands of the very dregs of society, or else fight the devil with his own weapons. Against those who have stomach for such encounters we certainly have no word of reproach or discouragement to utter; but we shall never cease, we trust, to look on the spectacle as a shame and scandal, and to consider the indifference with which the public regards it as a symptom of deep-seated moral disease.

We regret to learn, from the *London Spectator*, usually a well-informed paper, that in Connecticut, if a man does anything unusual, he is waited upon by the selectmen, who require him either to conform to the customs of his neighbors, or else quit the State. We may as well say, however, for the comfort of any eccentric Englishman like

Mr. Speke, who seeks greater freedom from conventionality, that owing to the growth of population and the hilly nature of a large portion of the State, the facilities for eluding the selectmen in Connecticut are now greatly increased, and by watching his opportunity a man may, in practice, do almost anything he pleases not positively criminal. In fact, the inhabitants enjoy in their own houses an amount of liberty almost amounting to license, and, owing to the growing roughness of manners, the selectmen are chary about meddling with them. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* assured its readers, in 1861, that he knew of a case in Boston in which a man having put up an unusually fine lamp over his front door, a "committee" of the citizens waited on him, and compelled him to take it down, on the ground that he was giving himself airs. We are enabled to state that a great change has occurred in Boston also in this respect, and that whatever the case may have been in 1861, a "committee" which now troubled itself about other people's lamps and furniture would, if the person on whom they called was a small or delicate man, certainly be taken charge of by the police, and would find an opportunity of indulging their love of simplicity in the lock-up.

The French press bill has passed the Corps Législatif with one dissenting voice—that of old M. Berryer, the father of the French bar—a legitimist in politics, but nevertheless perhaps the "noblest Roman of them all." Of the other Liberals, three, MM. Jules Favre, Picard, and Marie, abstained from voting; the remainder voted aye, in the belief that the measure, though in most respects disagreeably repressive, full of snares and traps, and subjecting French journalists to a régime such as no others in the civilized world live under, is nevertheless an important step in advance, and as such had better be accepted. Its advantage over the law as it previously existed lies in the fact, as we have before mentioned, that it takes the press from under the arbitrary control of the minister, and makes it responsible to the courts—the lower courts, to be sure, and perhaps subservient courts—but still courts, places in which a man is heard before he is condemned and in which his offence must be revealed to the world. Then, also, it enables anybody who pleases to establish a newspaper, on depositing a certain amount of caution-money, without asking the minister's permission. But it retains the stamp duty, which constitutes, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to anything like enterprise on the part of French newspaper publishers. The stamp is not like the English stamp under the old law, required simply for each copy of the paper, no matter of what size or shape. It is required for each sheet of a certain size. So that if French newspapers were to increase their size to eight pages, or, in other words, to present their readers with the same amount of printed matter as our morning papers, they would have to pay double stamp duty—that is, increase their price to a point that would seriously diminish their circulation, without putting a cent in their owners' pockets. At present, therefore, they must, in order to live, devote a large portion of their very limited space to advertisements, and cut down their news and editorial comments to a point which makes them, whether judged by the American or English standard, mere *simulacra* of newspapers.

Not only is the French press the most shackled in Europe, more so even than that of Russia, but the land of Montaigne, of Descartes, of Pascal, of La Bruyère, of Voltaire, is that in which the sayings of the foreign press strike most terror into the Government. All foreign newspapers are examined carefully before they are allowed to leave the post-office, and if anything objectionable is discovered they are confiscated. Of many, not over ten per cent. of the numbers reach the subscribers; and that this is a real grievance may be guessed from the fact that there are 105 German, 112 Italian, 170 American (United States), and 265 English periodicals regularly mailed to France. Some foreign papers are absolutely prohibited, and anybody found with them in his possession is liable to prosecution. A M. Greppo was the other day sent to jail for a month because he had in his pocket the *Etoile Belge*, which is on the prohibited list, a fact of which, however, he was entirely ignorant. It is now announced, though, that hereafter no foreign paper will be stopped on account of anything which, if it had appeared in a French paper, would not amount to a misdemeanor, and be liable to prosecution.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

GOOD SENSE ABOUT RECONSTRUCTION.

THE House has done what we have no doubt ninety-nine out of every hundred thinking men in the country hoped it would do, in rejecting Mr. Farnsworth's wild plan of bringing Alabama into the Union, under a constitution which had not been adopted in compliance with the terms of the Reconstruction Act, and in sending the whole question back to the people of Alabama, by declaring the legislature elected under this constitution a good provisional government, and empowering it to submit the constitution once more to its constituents, to be accepted or rejected by a majority of those voting, providing for the admission of the State to the Union when the constitution shall have been so ratified, and when the legislature shall have adopted the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution. The debate was remarkable in bringing out something far better and more thoughtful than the stereotyped party harangues on the guilt of the rebellion, the depravity of the rebels, and the "inalienable rights" of man. Mr. Bingham, in particular, made a very able speech, in which he acknowledged frankly what members of Congress for a year or two have seemed somewhat afraid to do, that an important portion of the science of politics was drawn from human experience, that human experience was profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction, and that legislation with no better basis than theories concocted by stump orators or excited humanitarians was not safe legislation, was not legislation on which men who believed God to have had some important purpose to serve in furnishing men with their reason, could expect to succeed. When, for instance, we hear a gentleman talking this way—we quote from Mr. Bingham's speech—we know he has the facts before him and is arguing from them, and has that just estimate of the complexity of all political problems which is after all the mark which distinguishes the statesman from the demagogue or enthusiast—and we listen, if not with entire concurrence, always with respect:

"It was the right of the people to alter or amend their constitution, subject only to the Constitution of the United States, and they could not be deprived of that right. The American system would be a total failure if the people could not be trusted with that right. There was no colorable excuse for attempting to engraft such a provision on the statute-book. I cannot, he said, shut my eyes to the great fact that this Government was built by white men upon ideas, if not instincts, that were peculiar to the race; that the predominating element is still the same, and that there is no reason to expect that in the long future it will ever put on any other complexion. In saying this, I would not be understood to disparage the political rights of any race that fate or fortune have cast upon our shores, whether it be the docile African, or the other and more turbulent one that comes by ship loads, with its Old-World ideas and its anti-republican instincts in church and state, to fill the ranks and feed the wasting reservoir of the so-called American Democracy. We have them both to deal with, as we had the Spaniard and the Frenchman, and have now the Mexican and the Indian, and, under the new purchase of the President and the Senate, if ratified here—which God forbid!—the Esquimaux, or mongrels of the Polar Sea, and must do the best we can to incorporate and assimilate, if we can, those heterogeneous elements, by educating them into a love of order and a just appreciation of the rights of man."

And again:

"It is no easy task to construct a friendly Republican State with hostile elements so formidable to be dealt with.

"He is but an apprentice in political science who thinks it can be done either in a hurry or without the co-operation of a clear majority of the people. No good thing, no machine, certainly, of a construction so delicate or complex as the organization of a State, was ever perfected in a hurry. We can afford to wait. I warn gentlemen, we cannot afford to commit an error."

Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts also made a confession which is worth noting:

"He confessed that he had undergone some change of view in the year that he had been here touching the idea of representation in these two branches; he had, in times past, struggled to secure representation even to single districts as the armies of the United States cleared out the rebellious element; but he was satisfied now that instead of representation in Congress being the first thing it should be the last thing. The State should

be first built up; individual and personal rights secured; the damage done by the rebellion repaired, and stability and security made certain. Representation should follow and grow out of that security, and not be the means of bringing about the security itself. It should be the last thing, and not the first."

Now, we sympathize thoroughly with those who fear—as Mr. Farnsworth and Mr. Stevens fear—that once the Southern States are released from the control of the Federal Government, the weaker of the two races into which their population is unfortunately divided, will go to the wall. We acknowledge, too, that the difficulty is not the ordinary one, which has so often been witnessed in history, of reconciling two political parties which have imbrued their hands in each other's blood, or even that greater one of reconciling two hostile races which fortune has placed side by side, and between which a difference of language or religion, in addition to that of origin, has developed hate and bitterness. It is the greatest difficulty of all—the greatest ever presented to a statesman—that of putting two races on an equality before the law in a democratic republic: the one being proud, brave, energetic, and full of ancestral pride—the other meek and mild, and completely wanting in those historical claims to respect and consideration which all the other great races of the world possess; being also different in color, and being freedmen who owe their freedom to the arms of a power which their masters looked on as a foreign enemy. We have said that there is no parallel in history for this problem; we might go further, and say that it would be difficult for a speculative politician to construct out of the materials which the actual state of human society affords an imaginary problem of greater difficulty and complexity.

But the problem, difficult as it is, differs from others not in kind, but in degree, and it has therefore to be solved, if soluble it be, by precisely the same principles on which we now deal with all other social and political difficulties; principles, let us add, which America has had the honor of adopting first, and to the use of which European countries are slowly but surely coming. What the case needs is not a different treatment; but more care, more patience, and more time in the use of the same treatment. The Southern disease is simple enough; it consists in the fierceness, the lawlessness, and prejudices of the whites; the ignorance, want of experience, and meekness of the blacks; or, in other words, defects of character on the part of the people. Now, the American remedy for these things is education and justice. Granting that the Southern whites are mostly rebels in heart; that they are "malignant" and "unrepentant" rebels—and Mr. Stevens and Parson Brownlow are constantly assuring us that they are—we ask whether, after three thousand years of experiment, and after a close study of human nature in all ages and all climates, and under a great variety of conditions, there has been found any efficient mode of changing men's hearts—that is, changing their feelings and giving a new direction to their sympathies—except kindness and teaching? Was an unrepentant man ever made really repentant by abuse and penal treatment? Did any government ever win the attachment of any large body of men by wholesale disfranchisement or confiscation, or the infliction of disabilities of any kind? If not a single case of the kind can be produced—as we know there cannot—all arguments in favor of penal measures against the Southern whites drawn from their malignity or perverseness go far to refute themselves by being merely stated. Moreover, apart from the testimony of experience, the Stevens method of dealing with the Southern States is opposed to those principles of human nature of which Christianity has been slowly but surely securing the recognition, and which are at last becoming the basis of legislation in all civilized countries. First amongst those principles stands the great one, that, to get the most out of men, to bring into play their highest moral or intellectual qualities, you must educate and persuade, you must touch their hearts and convince their reason. This principle has actually been applied to the organization of armies even by powers which are afraid to trust it in the ordinary operations of government, and its complete triumph over the old principle of fear on some of the great battle-fields of recent times we look on as one of the most striking illustrations ever afforded of the value for practical purposes of theorizing even upon a subject so dim, shadowy, and hard to grasp as the nature of man.

The plan of simple coercion on which one school of radicals are dis-

posed to rely for the settlement of the Southern difficulty—that is, of giving one-half the population the right of forcing the other into “repentance,” by depriving them of political rights, and abusing them roundly from the stump and in the newspapers, is being tried in Tennessee, and Mr. Bingham intimates that it is there a success, because there are whites on both sides of the line, and not as there would be perhaps in other States, only blacks on one side and only whites on the other. We shall not argue this point, because our ideas of “government” differ so widely from those of anybody who is satisfied with the state of things in Tennessee that no agreement as to facts would be of any use in the controversy. The mere presence of a violent partisan like Parson Brownlow in the gubernatorial chair, as a reward for his sufferings, is to us in itself a proof that every sound principle of reconstruction, in the highest sense of the word, has been violated in reorganizing the State government; and as to the condition of the interior of the State, if that be “government,” we feel about it as the Irishman felt about riding in a sedan chair, who having been put into one which had no bottom or seat, and having had to keep up with the bearers by the use of his own legs, replied, on being asked how he liked it, “that if it was not for the name of the thing he would as soon walk.” If Tennessee be under a “regular government,” we should, were we an inhabitant of the State, if it were not for the name of the thing, as soon have anarchy.

Moreover, we do not share Mr. Stevens's or Mr. Farnsworth's faith, as we intimated last week, in paper constitutions. There is one class of loyalists at the South, and they have a host of sympathizers at the North, who seem to fancy, that if they can only be allowed to draw a constitution in their own way, and get a certain number of votes in its favor, and get Congress to admit the State under it, all their troubles will be over; the “unrepentant rebels” will repent, the malignant grow meek and good-natured, and the “belchers of treason” take to singing “Rally round the flag.” They get double-leaded leading articles in the same sense into the *Tribune* and *Independent* occasionally, but then we feel sure very few sober men fall victims to their delusion. Even the most ardent politicians of this school will acknowledge to you, privately, that as far as bringing the Southerners to reason or creating security for the life and property of loyal men goes, the admission of the States to the Union will of itself be of about as much value as the swallowing of the constitution by the Reconstruction Committee, macerated in hot water. The reliance of one section of Radicals on the effect of well-written constitutions on Southern society and on the unregenerate rebel heart is, in fact, a kind of superstition not far removed from fetish-worship.

The agencies, and the only agencies, that will do much for Southern society are time and education. Both Mr. Bingham and Mr. Dawes, in mentioning these in the late debate, went to the heart of the matter. The wisest legislation cannot materially quicken the transformation; hasty or unwise legislation may indefinitely retard it. The whites have to learn, what is for them one of the hardest of lessons, that the blacks are their fellow-citizens, that they are protected by the law, and that their wishes must be consulted and respected. No denunciations of treason at the North and no number of acts of Congress can materially advance this process. Giving the blacks the suffrage, or declaring the suffrage to be an “inalienable right,” will not do it either. It must come partly through mental and moral development, partly through constant familiarity with the fact that the blacks are protected; that when a white man injures one, the same legal consequences follow as if he had injured another white. How much of the security in which we live here at the North we owe to this habit of mind on the part of evil-doers, and how little, after all, to the direct fear of a particular penalty, few people consider. Moreover, the blacks have to become familiar with the fact that they have rights, and that they live under law and not under individual will, and to form the habits both of self-confidence and self-restraint that come from this consciousness. They have to learn the use of legal process and of political power; have to find out their precise relation to the rest of the community—many of them even the nature of civil society—and to ascertain the extent of their own political capacity. Until all this has been done with as near an approach to completeness as the chaotic

condition in which the war left Southern society, and the weaknesses and imperfections of human nature, will permit, there will be no real reconstruction, although every State in the Union were represented in Congress, and every man, woman, and child at the South voted three times a day.

Now, it is because we believe military rule—that horrible thing which so many of our political sages are constantly denouncing—in the form in which it exists at present in the South—that is, prescribed and regulated by law, confined within fixed limits, exercised under responsibility to a deliberative body, and acting mainly in aid of the civil authorities—supplies this education both to blacks and whites better than anything else can supply it, as nothing else can supply it—that we have been opposed to all haste in the matter of “bringing back the States to the Union,” as it is called. Nothing is lost by delay as long as the country knows that Congress has said its last word, and drawn up its last plan, because during the delay the educational process is going on, schools are springing up, habits of obedience to law spreading, the passions of the war subsiding. What has made delay pernicious has been the uncertainty as to the end which the action of the more violent members of the House have infused into it, the want of confidence in the Northern people, which they have shown by their shower of bills and reports, every one of which seemed to be framed with the view of showing that they had no faith in the Reconstruction Act themselves, and did not believe anybody else had. The last action of Congress with regard to Alabama shows that the reign of sobermindedness is returning. The State has been handed over to a loyal legislature, which has the military force at its back, and can in peace and quietness and at its leisure submit the new constitution to the people, and make such amendments to it as seem necessary. We trust sincerely that those amendments will all be in the direction of amnesty and oblivion for the mass of Southerners, and that the Unionists—great though their wrongs and sufferings may have been—will give up the senseless attempt to win men's good-will or cause them to repent of their hostility by acts of proscription which, if they are ever executed, must be executed by brute force, and which, if the needful amount of brute force be not forthcoming, must prove simply bits of irritation applied to a powerful enemy by persons whose very lives are in his hands, and whom, come what will, they have to acknowledge as a neighbor and fellow-citizen.

SIMPLE JUSTICE.

ARE born Americans to have less protection from the Republic than naturalized Americans?

When Fritz Butterbrodt, a native of Posen, but for years back a voter in New York, goes to Prussia to visit his relatives, and is there made a victim of conscription, the Hon. N. P. Banks rises to the question with just fury, the Hon. George Bancroft flies to Berlin grasping the thunderbolts of the American eagle, and presently a message returns through the ocean cable that hereafter Fritz Butterbrodt's citizenship shall be respected.

But when fifteen hundred Americans are similarly served in England, Congress sees no cause for interference. We do not refer to Fenians. Nearly if not quite all of these sufferers are children of our soil; they are persons, moreover, of whom the nation pretends to be more or less proud; finally, to crown the outrage, many of them are women. Yet to the number of fifteen hundred they have been seized by foreign hands, forced into alien uniforms, and obliged to serve for the good of strangers. For these abused fellow-citizens we demand simple justice.

The injury done to them appears the more atrocious when it is considered that the mere product of American invention—the mere wood-and-iron result of the Yankee mechanical faculty—has been protected in all civilized lands by our legislation and diplomacy. The American machinist can secure his patent in England; he can secure it in France, Spain, Germany, Sweden, and Russia; he is as safe everywhere from robbery as if he were a native of every soil. Yet fifteen hundred respectable Americans have been forced to serve in foreign ranks without provoking a resolution from Congress or a proclamation from the President.

Fifteen hundred American works have been “pirated” abroad, and

sold for the benefit of foreign populations, without returning a dollar to the American author, or the American publisher, or the American type-setter, or the American paper-maker.

More than simple justice has been accorded to the inventor of a machine. Ideas are usually admitted to be the common property of the race; and the ideas by which a publisher, a shipper, a grocer, a gardener carries on his business belong to society at large; he may devise new channels for his industry, but he cannot prevent others from following in his track. In like manner, the author makes no claim to an exclusive proprietorship of the ideas which he lays before the public. As free gifts, to be discussed, adopted, and promulgated at the pleasure of every one, the world receives the theory of gravitation from Sir Isaac Newton and the law of universal evolution from Herbert Spencer. Every man can write or speak of them as he pleases, and draw from them without charge what profit he may. There is no more copyright or patent-right upon them than there is upon the conception of sending a ship to Japan after tea, or of employing female clerks in a grocery, or of keeping mercantile books by double-entry.

The law of copyright is not founded (as Mr. Carey would have us believe) on the supposition that ideas are property, but on the truth that the expression of them, the dress in which they are presented, is property. This alone is unquestionably the result of the author's labor, and this alone, therefore, is his. You may seize upon every statement, deduction, conclusion, or simile which he offers, and so long as you do not copy his form, his arrangement of chapters, paragraphs, sentences, and words, you are safe from prosecution, however you may incur the charge of plagiarism. In the single case of the mechanical inventor has statute law gone beyond common law to establish property in ideas. This is the patent-right—a bounty on one beneficent exercise of intellect—a conception beyond the grasp of barbarians—a necessity of a great mechanical age—a giant step in progress. And, strange to say, patent-right has become international; Europe admits that our inventors may own and sell their ideas on her soil; the world pays willing tribute to American mechanics.

Such being the case with the inventor, how fares it with the author? He has produced not so much ideas as expressions of ideas. He has made a history, an essay, a school-book, a dictionary, a novel, a poem; and because he has put forth a form which did not exist before, he claims it as his own; he does not claim the marble in which he has wrought, but the statue which he has designed; in short, he claims his style. His claim has been allowed by the human sense of justice, or, in other words, by common law. But in order that his right may not wrong society, in order that his property may not remain perpetually in his family, in order that the race may benefit somewhat (perhaps unjustly) at the expense of the individual, statute law has stepped in with its so-called copyright and has limited the author's claim. This point must be distinctly understood. Copyright laws do not establish the author's right in his work; on the contrary, they in some measure take away from it; they limit it to a period of years. Society has acted here as it has in the law of entail—it has cut down the rights of the individual for the supposed good of the mass; the copyright law is an act of limitation.

At the same time it fully recognizes the natural right of the author; it fully recognizes the fact that his book, his form of expression, the result of his labor, is his property; it punishes trespassers upon this property precisely as it punishes trespassers upon other property. Our copyright law is a *penal* code, and regards those who violate it as thieves. If an American prints, without the writer's consent, a book to which property has been proved under this law, he not only forfeits to the injured proprietor every copy so produced, but subjects himself to a fine of fifty cents for each printed sheet which is found in his possession. It is precisely because the act is a penal one, and is therefore strictly construed, that the plunderer is not liable for the number of sheets which he has had, but only for those which are discovered in his hands or on his premises. It is also because the act is a penal one that the fine is divided between the two parties offended, the state and the author. It is important to note the penal nature of this statute because it shows how unreservedly society recognizes the property of the author in his book. The man who is proved to have taken it with-

out leave is, in the emphatic small caps and exclamation points of Mrs. Proutie, "A CONVICTED THIEF!!"

Such is the difference between patent-right and copyright. The patent-right is a *bounty* to the inventor; it is the establishment by statute of a property which does not exist in nature; it is the ownership of an *idea*, granted for the encouragement of men who can fecundate ideas. The copyright, on the contrary, is a limitation of a species of natural property which otherwise would remain for ever in the hands of its creator and of his legal heirs. If you violate patent-right you are punished by damages. If you violate copyright, you are punished penally, as a thief. But, strange to say, the first has become international, while the second has not. The legislative and executive branches of our government have seen to it that the *claims* of our inventors shall be respected in foreign lands, but have neglected to enforce the *rights* of our authors. The consequence is that fifteen hundred American books have been reprinted abroad, without returning a dollar to those who created them. The consequence is that an English publisher can, with impunity, commit that same violation of the rights of natural property for which an American publisher would be tried under a penal statute and punished as a criminal. The consequence is that, while Samuel Colt, the inventor of a weapon of death, has left to his widow and orphans a vast fortune, drawn in large measure from foreign lands, Nathaniel Hawthorne, an author who has enriched the language and the soul of the whole English race, has left to his widow and orphans what may in comparison be styled a beggarly pittance.

Some of the American advocates of an International Copyright Law are likely to do the cause harm by resting their claim on an imperfect theory and resorting to such arguments as the following: "The interests of the country demand an American literature; this an international copyright law would secure, by raising the price of foreign books, and thus enabling American books to compete with them."

The opponents of the law reply: "We feel no need of an American literature as long as we can get good books from other countries. You cannot promise that your American books will ever be superior to the foreign, and you must admit that, for a time, they will be inferior. It is more for the interest of the country that we should have the works of the accomplished writers of Europe at a very cheap rate, than that we should be forced to pay more for their works or put up with literature which is now, and must be for some time to come, provincial."

"But," say the advocates, "consider the advantage of having a body of intelligent literary men amongst us."

"Well," answer the opponents, "so far as such a body exerts an influence by writing books, it has no more effect than foreign authors would have. As to its personal influence on the world around it, we don't believe it will begin to compensate for the loss suffered by the vast majority of us who do not come in contact with authors, if books become more costly."

Another opponent says: "It is better that our literature should be mixed and that we should read the books of all nations. We have a large body of American literature already, large enough in proportion to the foreign element."

Another says: "Authors are well enough paid. The market is overstocked now." In reply to which Mr. Parton demonstrates that a lady in Hartford does not pay the income tax she would if we had an international copyright; to which Mr. Carey answers by exhibiting a list of authors with large incomes. Again, authors talk of protecting American literature as if this were a question of protection or free trade; and many a free-trader is provoked to the declaration, "No copyright for me. I am for free trade in everything."

Thus the indifferent voter, and it is he that we wish to influence, sees presented to him a question involved in a maze of discussion, through which he does not care to work his way. He concludes very naturally that it is a question of interest, and that the interests of readers, of the world at large, are opposed to the interests of authors; and then he justifies himself in this opinion by remarking the immense amount of paper and ink devoted to it. Whatever may be the end of such a controversy, it serves to complicate a simple question and to introduce irrelevant considerations—a process of which Mr. Carey's pamphlet

affords several striking illustrations; we might say it affords nothing else. He speaks of the deplorable results of English centralization in increasing the weight of reaping machines, which must be a source of profound sorrow to the English farmer, to say nothing of the possible feelings of his cattle. He tells us that America, un-centralized, has four dental colleges, while centralized Europe has none, a fact which, if generally known, might lead to a large immigration of foreigners with defective teeth, and a consequent rise in the price of spoon-victuals and aliment requiring but little mastication. But what have these matters to do with copyright? And how can a mind overwhelmed by such startling disclosures as these proceed to the calm consideration of a question of right?

Again, when authors come forward as the champions of international copyright, with appeals to American patriotism and expressions of deep solicitude for the best interests of the country, urging a measure the most direct effect of which is to be an increase in the price of books, "the country" is very apt to think that authors are not precisely the disinterested and high-minded body upon which it would like to make itself dependent for mental and moral culture.

Would it not be better for authors to stop asking for protection as for a favor, or trying to buy it by promises of gain to the country? They can take their stand on the ground of right and justice; then they can retort on Mr. Carey his own "Fais ce que doy, advienne que pourra;" the hostile free trader they can answer with Mr. Reade's "Free trade is free buying and selling, not free stealing." They may believe that what they urge is for the interest of the country; and if they had no better argument they might fall back on that; but they have a better argument, one simple, easily understood, and which needs only to be understood to convince. As to the interest of the country, that will show for itself in time, and all that need be said of it now is, that it is not for the interest of a country to do injustice.

Authors ought not, in short, to stand like beggars, hat in hand, asking for alms; not to talk about an infant literature requiring protection, as if they were babies applying to Congress for nurses; but to assert their right, and aim at a law which shall recognize their property in their books to be permanent and subject to no conditions. As Mr. Carey justly observes:

"It will, perhaps, be said that the treaty contains a proviso that the author shall sell his copyright to an American publisher, or shall himself cause his book to be republished here Admit that such limitations be found in the treaty, by what right are they there? The basis of such a treaty is the absolute right of an author to his book; and if this be admitted, with what show of consistency or justice can we undertake to dictate to him whether he shall sell or retain it—print it here or abroad? With none, as I think."

MISERRIMUS.

GIVEN up through all the unserviceable day,
O'er the ship's side that moves not in her place,
To lean and look and languidly to trace,
On the slow glass of the receding bay,
The troubled image of a troubled face;
Or, with vague longing, up and down to pace
The narrow deck, and of the far-away
Swift ships that glisten with momentary spray,
Ask what avails a little larger space
Of insufficient ocean,—this is he
Whose stranded life, too careful to be free,
No dreams deliver and all thoughts betray
To hate the calm that holds him in delay,
To doubt the wind that calls him to the sea.

ROBERT WEEKS.

THE GREAT DRESS QUESTION.

WE spoke last week of the failure of Mr. Adams to appear at the recent Queen's "Drawing Room" in London, owing to what the London Times calls "unavoidable circumstances," which means, we believe, the want of anything to wear, or, rather, his inability, owing to the action of Congress last year, to wear a suitable, or, at all events, what he considers a suitable, costume. Mr. Sumner, who introduced the joint resolution of last session prohibiting court-dress on such occasions, and to whose share in the affair we referred,

has since sent us Executive Document No. 31, presented to the Thirty-sixth Congress, in 1860, by Mr. Buchanan, containing "the instructions and correspondence relative to the uniform or costume of persons in the diplomatic or consular service," being, in fact, an official history of this great controversy, and Mr. Sumner probably means this piece of courtesy to cover a mild rebuke of the somewhat irreverent tone in which we have dealt with the matter. At all events, we are willing to receive it as such, and have accordingly studied No. 31 with great diligence, and with such ability as we possess, for the purpose of getting, if possible, some fresh light on a question with which we confess our unfitness to deal adequately, but with which our position compels us to deal somehow.

What costume was worn at court by American ministers prior to 1817, we confess we do not know. At the dawn of history, which in this case is the year above-mentioned, they were found to be in the habit of making their appearance in the following guise, upon which, however, in the absence of an engraved plate, and owing to a certain want of imagination in matters of clothes, we pass no opinion of our own:

"A blue coat, lined with white silk; straight standing cape, embroidered with gold, single-breasted, straight or, round button-hole, slightly embroidered. Buttons plain, or, if they can be had, with the artillerists' eagle stamped upon them, i. e., an eagle dying, with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons. Cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cassimere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings; and gold or gilt shoe-buckles. A three-cornered chapeau-bras, not so large as those used by the French, nor so small as those of the English. A black cockade, to which lately an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding."

We ought to add that we have consulted some ladies on the subject, and are able to state, on their authority, that gentlemen "got up" in this way for a festive occasion would present, if not an imposing, a very pleasing appearance. By "the medium style" of the cocked hat—neither so large as that used by the French, nor so small as that worn by the English—they were particularly struck.

When Andrew Jackson became President, however, he came to the conclusion that this costume was too gorgeous, and he prescribed and rather strongly recommended the following, as being cheaper and better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions":

"A black coat, with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; the under-clothes to be black or white, at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau de bras, with a black cockade and gold eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with white scabbard."

This is a great falling-off in the matter of splendor, but we do not venture to find fault with it. In fact we cannot, owing to the mental defect above-mentioned, for the life of us tell in which of these dresses an American minister would look best, but we have no doubt a man of the right sort would look well in either, and had we been in charge of the Department of State, we honestly confess we should have allowed ministers to wear whichever of the two best suited their purse or complexion. If anybody will take the trouble to compare the two costumes article by article, he will see that their comparison involves a good many knotty points which Secretaries of State are not always competent to decide; such questions, for instance, as the relative merits of "white cassimere breeches," and simply black or white "under clothes" in lieu of the breeches. Nobody, we venture to assert, is fit to pass on such question who has not enjoyed the opportunity of submitting it to experiment or observation.

Things were in this condition, however, some ministers probably wearing one costume, others the other, when Mr. Marcy launched the famous circular of 1853, recommending ministers to confine themselves when appearing at court to the "simple dress of an American citizen." The "simple dress of an American citizen" is, of course, a very vague term inasmuch as it includes all varieties of costume from full evening dress down to shirt sleeves and homespun pantaloons, but then the circular was only a recommendation, and it left every minister free to exercise his own discretion. It produced a terrible uproar in Europe, however. Mr. Sanford wrote from Paris that as soon as he saw the news in the newspapers he determined to go to court in "citizen's dress," and informed M. Drouyn de Lhuys of the fact, and explained to him the whole theory of the change but was assured by him that it would "not affect injuriously the relations of the two countries." Mr. Seibels sent his thanks and rejoicings from Brussels. Mr. Daniel prepared the Court of Turin for his transformation, and it received the news with perfect fortitude. At Berlin there was trouble. The King hearing that Mr. Vroom was coming down on him in the character of a "simple citizen," became cantankerous, and Mr. Vroom had "to procure a plain and simple dress." At Stockholm, too, Mr. Schroeder had to succumb to the antiquated prejudices of the King. At

the Hague, however, Mr. Belmont made a noble stand, and carried his point. The King received him in the simple dress of the citizen, but trouble was expected with the Queen-mother, who was very punctilious and apt to be rude, but Mr. Belmont faced even her, and she had to give way. Now some people might possibly suppose that Mr. Belmont lost favor at court by this step. Nothing of the kind. The friends of virtue will peruse with emotion his own account of what happened *after* he had appeared in the national costume:

"I, as well as my family, have been treated with the utmost courtesy, on all occasions, by every member of the royal family, and at the last ball of the Casino, one of a series of entertainments somewhat similar to the Washington Assembly balls, which are attended by the whole court, I was honored by an invitation of the Queen to dance a quadrille with her, which was not the less gratifying for happening on a more public occasion than the ordinary court balls and for my being the only member of the diplomatic corps similarly honored that evening."

We are all in the habit of thinking of Benjamin Franklin's appearance in the colonial costume of the period at the court of Versailles, as the representative of the rising republic, as a proud moment for America; but we confess we cannot help doubting whether the spectacle of the Honorable Auguste Belmont dancing a quadrille, in a thoroughly republican frame of mind, as our representative, in citizen's clothes, with the Queen of the Netherlands, was not, on the whole, a prouder and more gratifying one.

At Paris, however, things did not go smoothly after Mr. Mason's arrival in 1854. Mr. Sanford, the chargé d'affaires, was, as we have said, from the outset a fanatical champion of plain clothes. Mr. Mason, however, took to court dress, to Mr. Sanford's great disgust, who looked on his chief's weakness as both a national disgrace and a slur on him personally. He accordingly indignantly resigned his office on the ground that Mr. Mason was going to court in "a coat embroidered with gilt tinsel, a sword, and cocked hat, the invention of a Dutch tailor in Paris, borrowed chiefly from the livery of a subordinate attaché of legation of one of the petty powers of the Continent." Mr. Mason, however, defended himself in a long despatch, in which he called his clothes "a simple uniform dress."

In London Mr. Buchanan, too, was involved in serious difficulties in consequence of the circular, and had several consultations with Sir Edward Cust, the master of the ceremonies. Sir Edward urged him to appear at court in some sort of costume, and not to present himself in the clothes he wore on the street. "After due reflection," Mr. Buchanan "determined neither to wear gold lace nor embroidery." Here he drew the line; all else was open to negotiation and compromise. He was anxious to please the Queen and yet to "wear something in character with our democratic institutions," and what that thing ought to be puzzled him sorely. While cudgelling his brains, a suggestion was made to him which we must allow him to describe himself:

"It was then suggested to me, from a quarter which I do not feel at liberty to mention, that I might assume the civil dress worn by General Washington; but after examining Stewart's portrait at the house of a friend, I came to the conclusion that it would not be proper for me to adopt this costume. I observed: 'Fashions had so changed since the days of Washington, that if I were to put on his dress and appear in it before the chief magistrate of my own country at one of his receptions, I should render myself a subject of ridicule for life. Besides, it would be considered presumption in me to affect the style of dress of the Father of his Country.'

"It was in this unsettled state of the question, and before I had adopted any style of dress, that Parliament was opened."

Of this idea we can only say that we think Mr. Buchanan was a little too hasty in rejecting it. It is not yet too late for some of our diplomatists abroad to take it up, and if any prominent one will do so, and will present himself at any public ceremonial in Europe dressed out in imitation of "the Father of his Country," we think we can safely promise that there are plenty of his fellow-citizens who will not allow either distance or expense to prevent them from being there to see. There are some sights which no man laying claim to cultivation or knowledge of the world can afford to miss, and this would certainly be one of them.

The last letter in the correspondence comes from the pen of the indefatigable Mr. Sanford, who, being at Derby, Connecticut, in 1860, and hearing that Mr. Faulkner was going to Paris, and, fearing from his sorrowful experience with Mr. Mason that Mr. Faulkner would do something dreadful in clothes if not checked in time, addressed to Mr. Cass a long and able disquisition on "diplomatic apparel," earnestly begging of him to put Faulkner under bonds before his departure, and giving the following sad account of the state of things at our legations abroad at that time:

"Some of our ministers abroad conform to the instructions of June 1, 1853; some of them consult their individual notions as to the kind of dress most becoming themselves, personally. One, to my knowledge, has the

constellation of our confederacy embroidered in thirty-odd emblematic stars on the collar of his coat; another adopted the uniform of the United States army; another that of a municipal councillor of Paris, viz.: a black velvet dress with rich silk embroidery. One functionary had all his buttons fashioned after the national shield, with spread-eagle attachment; and I hear of another proposing to have a gorgeous suit manufactured out of the star-spangled banner. Now, sir, imagine the spectacle of these American representatives of diverse fancies and tastes assembled together! Nothing save a fancy ball at Musard's or a burlesque first-of-April parade of eccentric tatterdemalions would equal it. Is it just to this country, its institutions, and people, that they be thus represented?"

When we had done with Document No. 31, the question which first suggested itself to us was whether we had ever seen so much rubbish in print before, in a paper laying claim to a serious character. We decided that we had not, and we doubt if any of our readers have. The next question was, what earthly harm would have resulted from letting the American ministers abroad go on wearing the star on their black coat and the small sword, which the Jackson administration prescribed or recommended? What interest would have suffered from allowing American ambassadors at court ceremonies to carry about them a cheap and not obtrusive sign that they are ambassadors and not court servants or rowdies? None that we know of, or that any one else knows of. What has been gained for republicanism or for the United States by the squabbles and perplexities recorded for our humiliation in the pamphlet before us? Nothing in the world. Nobody thinks any the more highly of either of them. Europeans are not fools, and a protest on behalf of republican simplicity against monarchical glare, offered by a minister's dressing like a waiter when he is followed to court by a swarm of his countrymen and countrywomen bespangled with diamonds, laden with every other sort of finery money can procure, and famous all over the Continent for the recklessness of their extravagance, simply affords the court circles and the general public materials for a great laugh both at the minister and his principles.

The imaginations of some people—and Mr. Marcy was apparently amongst the number—were fired by the "hit" which Franklin made in his gray woollen stockings and thick shoes at the French court; but they forget that it was Franklin's legs the stockings covered, and they forget, too, that he was the first real Republican that the French court had ever seen. To reproduce all the reasons why Franklin was so great a success would, in fact, be a biography of himself and a history of his time in both hemispheres. The reasons why that success cannot be repeated now, no matter what resolutions Congress may pass, could be stated in much shorter compass, if they had to be stated at all.

The French have a saying, full of that small, social wisdom in which the French excel: "La simplicité est charmante, mais il n'y a rien de si difficile," which is strikingly applicable to this matter of "diplomatic apparel." Simplicity lies in the character, and not in the clothes. You cannot order a supply of simplicity at your tailor's. You cannot persuade people that you are simple in your tastes or habits by wearing this or not wearing that. Many a man wears shabby or plain clothes through sheer affectation or love of display. Moreover, you cannot cultivate simplicity for simplicity's sake. You can no more secure it by direct pursuit than you can reach the principle of life by vivisection. It has to come indirectly, as the consequence or accompaniment of other and greater things. The aim of those who occupy themselves with the figure our ambassadors cut abroad should be to provide such men for the service that it shall make no difference what they wear; and the reason why we find this fuss about their clothes so repulsive is not that we like court-dress or any other foppery, but that we believe that those who are most clamorous for their appearance in "citizen's dress" are those who care least what kind of men the dress covers. We venture to say that if anybody will look into the matter he will find that hardly anybody who attaches much importance to our Ministers' appearance in black broadcloth takes much interest in the reform of the Civil service, or in having the country represented abroad by its best men. We do not include Mr. Sumner in this category. It has been our melancholy duty on various occasions to refuse to accept his judgment as final on divers weighty questions, but we are by no means ignorant of what the country owes him for his services on the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, or of the zeal, knowledge, and good sense he has brought to the treatment of a class of questions about which, as a general rule, senators know and care too little. And we acknowledge with great pleasure that since the Republican party came into power, the nation has been represented abroad more respectably and efficiently than it has been before in many a long year. But even under that party there have been, and are, as everybody knows who has lived in any of the foreign capitals, great scandals and abuses, which make this effort after simplicity in dress simply ridiculous. There is no more reason why our foreign ministers should not wear an appropriate uniform than why officers

in the army and navy should not, and the attempt to persuade the people that there is some principle involved in the matter is simply due on the part of several of those engaged in it to a desire to turn public attention away from the inside of a very dirty platter by a prodigious scrubbing of the outside.

THE "PEOPLE'S READINGS."

MODERN "society," where the people to any considerable degree compose it, creates peculiar needs, and of the needs thus created none is greater than that of popular recreations which will combine amusement with instruction, and both with cheapness. Amusement alone soon becomes enervating and perhaps becomes coarse. Instruction alone is almost of necessity pedantic and uninviting. Refined amusement is expensive, because it can be furnished only by artists who must be paid well. Agreeable instruction is expensive, because only first-rate men can give it, and they cannot afford to give it for nothing. Cheap concerts are very "cheap" indeed. Cheap theatres it would be an economy to get rid of at a handsome price. Even the "minstrels" cost too much for the classes who should be reached, and give them scarcely anything they ought to have. But the world is full of books which all might read with delight as well as profit, and there is no lack of men and women to read them aloud, in an interesting manner, to a large assemblage of people. Twenty years ago, Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, in a charge delivered to the grand jury in Birmingham, England, suggested that some entertaining book like "Robinson Crusoe" be read by instalments, on a certain evening of every week, in some hall, school-room, or private apartment, to such an audience as would come in from the streets and tenement-houses and places of idleness, exposure, or temptation. Let the reading, he said, occupy half an hour, and be illustrated with maps or drawings, if these could be obtained; if not, let the reading be given alone. Let as much vivacity be thrown into the reading as possible, as much variety of facial and vocal expression; let hard words be explained or omitted, and let the local and historical allusions be made clear. These little expedients would engage attention; the interest of the story would win upon the listeners, and secure very nearly the same audience for a succession of nights. How far this hint of Mr. Hill's had influence in originating the popular readings in England that have excited so much interest and been productive of no inconsiderable good, we do not know. It would seem that those who have begun to inaugurate the People's Readings in New York have never come across it.

The intelligent classes in this country, who can read themselves, have little occasion for public readings, and will give little patronage to them. They have books, novels, histories, magazines, papers in abundance, and at prices they can easily enough afford. Such of them as have the means attend lectures or theatres, or find diversion in social and political gatherings. Those who can appreciate the higher literature and enjoy the higher kind of elocution, will, if their purses allow, delight in Mrs. Kemble's grand readings of Shakespeare.

But these, and all such fine artistic performances, are for the cultivated who have leisure to indulge their poetic taste. The "people," the working people, the dull, toll-worn people, the passionate, the tempted, the solitary, the vagabond, the ignorant and stupid, who either cannot read or do not care to, who must be interested, excited, fascinated before they can be held, would not attend such readings if they could have them for nothing. The only public readings that are patronized at all with us are readings of a high order of merit, which demand superior talent. We except from this remark the readings of Mr. Dickens, which owed their popularity to the man and his works, in a great measure also to his histrionic powers, not in the least to his skill as an elocutionist, which was of the feeblest description. Cultivated people went in crowds to hear Mr. Dickens because they admired his writings, because he had immense fame, because it was the fashion to go, and because the entertainment was made very select by being made very expensive. The readings themselves would, in most parts, be enjoyed heartily by any audience that could be collected from the streets. In fact, such an audience would probably be more delighted by the performance than were many of those who paid ten dollars to hear it. The humor, the wit, the drollery, the grimace, the fun, the pathos, the description, the dramatic interest of the story, the reality of the personages introduced, the air of common humanity about the whole exhibition, the smell of the ground, the absence in the reader of art or the affectation of art, all combined would be irresistible among Bohemians and newsboys. If Mr. Dickens would read for ten cents a head in Baxter Street or in the Cooper Union, none but the unwashed being admitted, he would empty the dance-houses and theatres and grog-

geries in a trice. But, unhappily, those who can make fortunes by their reading will not read for nothing; and they who are willing to read for nothing are people whose performances will not draw. The thing aimed at, therefore, should be the reading of productions that will draw by people who will not. The reader must select for his audience pieces that cannot fail to excite as well as instruct—at all events, to deeply interest them. For the most part, these will be narrative pieces, tales longer or shorter, biographies of noted men and women, descriptions of famous places, dialogues, kindling poems, and themes that lie near the listener's hearts, lyrics of heroism. Sir Walter Scott's novels furnish admirable reading. You may open Dickens anywhere and find the very thing desired; or his own arrangements might be used. Douglas Jerrold abounds in chapters full of meat. A few of his novelettes are inimitable. There are thrilling stories illustrating the evils of intemperance, of vagabondage, lying, stealing, thriftlessness, unchastity, evil companionship, that could not be effectively read without moving the roughest audience. Is poetry needed? Take Hood almost anywhere; the "Bridge of Sighs," "Miss Kilmansegg," "Take Brownell; but take not the Brownings or Tennyson or Wordsworth or Poe.

Mr. Frohisher and his colleagues mean well, no doubt. They are zealous, and they cannot be ambitious of much money-making. But, speaking frankly, and in a matter like this we have no right to speak otherwise, they seem not to have the idea that they read to people who can and do to some extent read for themselves; they read pieces which only the intelligent and the partially cultivated can enjoy, and they read in a way that is not calculated to impress rude or simple minds. Some allowance must of course be made for persons trying a novel experiment; but the allowance can hardly go so far as to excuse a want of appreciation of the thing to be accomplished, or of the essential means necessary for its accomplishment. Their selections are too numerous to begin with; they allow of no continuous interest, of no culminating effect. Each demands a separate effort, touches a distinct string, excites an individual emotion; and when the whole is over nothing is carried away. The successive blows neutralize each other.

Then, again, the pieces are not in themselves attractive to the audiences they should wish to reach. Admirably suited for the exhibition of rhetorical graces where these exist; requiring, in fact, unusual accomplishment in voice and expression to make them intelligible sometimes, they have no more aptness for the people than a composition by Wagner or Spohr. On the opening night every piece was an elocutionary study, which invited criticism, but which failed to keep awake those who could not criticise. They taught [nothing; they suggested nothing; they excited no feeling; they drew neither tears nor smiles. Listening to them was an effort. This mistake will perhaps be corrected, if the experiment continues long enough to make timely correction possible. But unless radically corrected, by the substitution of a different plan, the readings will interest no class in the community. The cultivated will not attend them, for they are not good enough; the uncultivated will not, for they are not on their plane. Besides all this, the rhetoric is too ambitious, more so than its quality warrants. The art of concealing art is less thought of than the art of displaying art. It is declamatory and turgid to a degree that causes an uncomfortable sensation at times to the sensitive listener. It was all declamation where, in truth, there should be no declamation at all; where declamation is sadly out of place. People like declamation in an orator or in an actor, but not in a reader. The reading for the people should be simple, sincere, earnest, full of warmth and sympathy, wholly self-forgetful on the reader's part. The more culture and training the better, provided they are not conspicuous. Two years ago there was a proposition to ask Edwin Booth to read to the people of the lower quarters of the city. But Mr. Booth is an actor. He would read nothing but plays. And he would not, it is likely, read them in an agreeable or impressive manner. The dialogue would embarrass him and his audience; while his theatrical training would make his delivery affected. His peculiar excellence as a player would spoil him for this duty. If we are to have readings for the people which the people will listen to, they must be given by "unprofessional" readers; by persons who have warm hearts, sound minds, a feeling for the people's tastes and capacities, and sufficient skill to interpret good, wholesome, racy literature. They must be given gratuitously, or nearly so, in such halls as can be procured directly among the people for whom they are designed. They must be continuous and even. Let them be relieved by an occasional song—no fantasias on the piano, executed by professors; let them be varied by bright dramatic scenes, charades, tableaux. Such things may tell on the ignorant, the stupid, and the animal. They have been useful in England; they may be useful here. But they must be done in the spirit of reform, in the spirit of humanity; not in the spirit of ambitious display. They must rely on their own merit, not on great names or on newspapers; and they must be carried on, as good

things always are carried on, by patience and sacrifice. In such an enterprise nothing like vanity should be allowed to appear. The performers should seem and be unconscious of their merit as elocutionists, if they possess it. If they are not, their listeners will not even be entertained, and improvement will be wholly out of the question. They who have undertaken this excellent work in England have been actuated by no love of notoriety or passion for display or greed of gain, but by a sincere desire to benefit their fellow-men by improving their leisure hours and counteracting the vicious influences that abuse them so generally now. A purpose like that will raise up readers sufficiently well qualified for their homely task, and will call in audiences capable of thanking them.

ENGLAND.—TWO DEBATES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, March 13, 1868.

I WAS present last night in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons during the adjourned debate upon Ireland, and perhaps a short account of what I heard may be of interest as illustrating the present state of English feeling with regard to that interminable difficulty. The previous debate had been of the dreariest character. Mr. Maguire opened the subject in a speech of pure Irish fluency, rising at times into eloquence, but perhaps oftener losing itself in rather vague declamation. Lord Mayo, the Irish Secretary, replied by three mortal hours of statistics, proving, what I think is generally admitted, that there is a slow but tolerably steady progress in the material prosperity of the country, and stating the Government policy, if policy it can be called. The second night's debate was of considerably greater interest, and some of the acknowledged lights of the House of Commons defended their different positions. The chief speakers were Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe, from the Adullamite camp; Mr. Mill and Mr. Thomas Hughes, of the decided Liberals; and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, as representative of the Government view of affairs. Considered as a display of oratory, the debate would probably have made little impression upon a stranger. None of the members I have named, unless Mr. Lowe be an exception, can at all compete in genuine eloquence with Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone, or some other speakers of inferior reputation. The House was never thoroughly roused to enthusiasm; no ringing outburst of cheers greeted even the heaviest blows struck on either side; and no Homeric peals of laughter testified to one of the undeniable good things destined to become commonplaces of newspaper quotation. Yet I should perhaps qualify this assertion, by admitting that Mr. Lowe came very near the borders of eloquence, if he did not actually cross them. Mr. Lowe's fate as an orator has been curious. For many years he remained in obscurity on the back benches, oppressed partly by the disadvantage which a supposed connection with the *Times* is apt to inflict upon members. The House apparently shrinks from a man who, to open attacks upon his antagonists, is able to add a supplementary and anonymous assault in the columns of a newspaper. At any rate, Mr. Lowe was comparatively neglected, until he took the House by storm in the early debates on the Reform bill. He had then the advantage which a man always gains for a time by speaking against his party. The Tories welcomed him as an unexpected deserter to their ranks, and the Liberals showed a warmth which, at worst, was better than indifference. Indeed, no one can approach Mr. Lowe in polished, vigorous epigrams, which are not the less keen because they generally proceed from a rather narrow view of the subject. As periodical writing, his speeches would be almost incomparable essays—clear, pointed, and pithy to the last degree. As speeches, they are defective; because they never rise above the regions of keen logic into an appeal to the high emotions of his audience, and because they are jerked out in a loud, monotonous voice, with total absence of gesture. His manner reminds one of a wooden catapult discharging heavy bolts with tremendous power, but with an almost mechanical precision. Mr. Mill, against whom his assault was directed, has, in one respect, an equal talent. His sentences are even more perfectly formed; and if they never present the same epigrammatic brilliance, they often show a curious felicity of argument which sometimes produces almost the effect of wit. The readiness with which he meets the arguments of his adversaries and the skill with which he retorts upon their weakest places would be admirable but for one thing. The eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero or Edmund Burke would fall flat if it came from Mr. Mill's lips; because you could not hear it. The House of Commons has been judiciously built of such proportions that if it were crammed to the uttermost it would hardly hold 500 out of 658 members, and its acoustic qualities are good. Yet Mr. Mill's voice is scarcely able to fill this moderately-sized room; and though with painful attention I could pick up the sense of the first half of his speech, the remainder

passed by me as a feeble murmur, in which I could sometimes catch—rather by instinct than by the help of my ears—the word “landlords.” It is some credit to the House of Commons that, although Mr. Mill spoke under these disadvantages and attacked the strongest prejudices of his audience, he was listened to with respect and attention. Between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Mill there was an interval principally filled by Mr. Thomas Hughes; and I regret to say that, highly as I respect Mr. Hughes, I cannot think that nature ever meant him for an orator. His manner is bad, marked by that desperate clinging to the insignificant words of a sentence, to the “ors” and “ands,” which we may remark in men unable to launch out boldly with a flow of rhetoric. His matter was, I fear, not very superior; though he put it forward in the face of an almost empty house with a gallantry worthy of the author of “Tom Brown.” In short, Mr. Hughes has become one of those unfortunate beings known as “dinner-bells.” He speaks at the time—from seven to nine—which the House of Commons dedicates to the great ceremony of dining, and when only a few languid sentinels, as it were, are left to keep up the semblance of an occupation of the benches.

The debate was concluded for the evening by Mr. Gathorne Hardy—a gentleman who gives to the House of Commons precisely what it likes. He has a fine flow of the most admirable commonplace; he speaks the very sense (if it is not perverting that word) of the thick rows of country gentlemen behind him, with a fluency, indeed, of which few of them are capable, with an occasional sparkle of fair average wit, and with a really courteous bearing towards his opponents. With these qualifications he is admirably qualified for the duty he had to discharge of pouring oil upon the troubled waters; and he made things pleasant so effectively, and looked so prosperous and genial and plausible, that in his presence we could hardly believe that there was such a thing as an oppressed tenant in Ireland or a Fenian in the world. The very sight of Mr. Hardy, one would say, if he could have been transported as he stood to the wilds of Connaught, would have been enough to make tenants happy, to throw Orangemen and Fenians into each other's arms, and to frighten the spirit of discord into the Atlantic.

And now, what light was thrown upon the Irish question? The answer, I am afraid, is really that which was given in the *Times* of this morning, namely—that the Irish question will have to wait till another Parliament. The policy of the Government, as Mr. Horsman said, is threefold: in regard to the Church, it is to do nothing; in regard to the land, to put off doing anything; and in regard to education, to do worse than nothing. Every Liberal speaker denounced the Irish Church—Mr. Lowe with special vigor and decision. Mr. Hardy, however, cries confiscation! and talks fluently about compacts made at the Union. It seems that the injustice was so firmly established by that arrangement that no future generation is to be allowed to redress it. The Liberal party, indeed, are becoming so firmly united upon this point that I hope it will before long disappear. Meanwhile, Government staved off the evil day by the admirable device of a commission. Commissions are very useful things in their way, but in the case of a grievance all the circumstances of which are matters of perfect notoriety, they are chiefly useful for wasting time. The same excellent device is again to be applied to the land question; and here, it cannot be denied, the chances of delay are infinitely greater. In fact, I see no prospect of any decided legislation at all. The Liberals are split into innumerable fractions. Mr. Hughes gave a long essay last night upon tenant-right; Mr. Mill proposed his plan for handing over the land to the tenants; Mr. Lowe vigorously denounced any alteration. In doing so he not only called out the cheers of the country gentlemen, delighted to have a philosopher to fight their battles and justify their apathy, as against Mr. Mill, but undoubtedly carried with him a section of his own party. Other members said vaguely that something must be done, but objected to every special proposal, and, to say the truth, this is the prevalent opinion in England. We ought to get out of this Slough of Despond, but to every new guide we reply: “You, at least, are taking us the wrong way.” The one positive proposal of the Government was retrograde, and has excited such general disapprobation that it can hardly have much chance of success. The best thing which England has done for Ireland is undoubtedly the educational system, which is probably superior to anything in this country. The Queen's Colleges, which are at the head of the system, are unsectarian, or “Godless” institutions, as their enemies call them, but have flourished in spite of the disapproval of the ultramontane hierarchy. It is now proposed to give a charter to a Roman Catholic university, although the body so called has failed to attract the higher classes. This attempt to go back from the unsectarian principle is probably, as Mr. Lowe described it, another specimen of the pyrotechnical devices of Government—a brilliant object thrown up to distract attention, but destined, when that work is done, to relapse into utter obscurity. The debate will be resumed to-night, and we shall hear whether such speakers

as Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli can throw any additional light upon the subject; but I think it will be safe to foretell the final result of a policy made up of procrastinating and feeble attempts to buy the support of the extreme Catholic party by inadequate concessions to their worst prejudices. In other words, Ireland will be once more told to call again to-morrow—or the day after.

Another interesting Parliamentary debate has taken place on the *Alabama* question. The party which is in favor of accepting arbitration has, I think, grown stronger; and there is a decided feeling that in some way or other the present hitch in the proceedings may be surmounted. Lord Stanley is evidently of opinion that we really owe some compensation for the *Alabama* depredations; and the difference as to considering the question of our recognition of Southern belligerency seems to be less as it is more closely examined. I imagine that no great concession would be necessary to bring about a satisfactory reference of the dispute.

To turn to a different subject, I see in the last number of the *Nation* which I have received some remarks about the experience of Cambridge in regard to female education. A further examination has been lately held, and the results are still to the general effect that girls are as capable of education in every sense as boys. There is, however, one difference. The mathematical examiners say that in this occasion the girls were distinctly inferior, although on most subjects they were better prepared, and showed a smaller percentage of failure than the boys. The experiment has as yet been tried on too small a scale to give satisfactory results; but, in spite of the assertion about mathematics—the only one telling against the girls—there is no doubt that it is, on the whole, highly favorable to the cause of feminine education. A plan is now being discussed for founding a college for women. In spite of some weakness in details, I think it promises to do much for the cause. Upon this, and upon some other interesting facts which have been brought out by a late commission appointed to enquire into middle-class education (of which Mr. Fraser was the American representative), I hope to write more fully in my next.

RUSSIAN RAILROADS AND THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 1, 1868.

AMERICAN newspapers print frequent telegrams and letters which represent that Russia is endeavoring to force a crisis in the East in aid of certain designs that she has in that direction. Many of the facts which are stated in proof of the imminence of war are very apocryphal, and I am quite convinced by what I have seen and heard here and in Moscow that Russia has no intention nor desire to engage in any war. She could be forced into a war, but at present would not willingly begin one. The tone of all the Russian journals is very peaceful. The Eastern question, it is true, occupies much of their attention, and as much space is given to letters from Constantinople as to those from Paris. But this is in part owing to proximity. It is also owing to the genuine sympathy that is felt with the ill-treated Christians of Crete and Bulgaria.* Perhaps in no Church is the feeling of brotherhood among the members so strong as in the Greek Church, and the Russians are exceedingly religious. This sympathy is expressed with the greatest freedom and openness by everybody in society, and by all the journals—and the press is as free as in France. But I have seen nowhere and heard nowhere any proposition to aid the Christians of Turkey by arms. All desire that the Government should act as their champion against Turkey and with the Western Powers, in all ways which are consistent with peace; and great satisfaction is felt at the manner in which the Government has endeavored to impress on the Sultan and the great Powers the sufferings of the Christian races in Turkey.

At present Russia is in no condition to make war. It is deeply in debt; it is just recovering from the exhaustion of the Crimean campaign, and a great war would ruin its growing manufactures and any chance of commercial prosperity. This winter many provinces are suffering severely from famine, consequent on the bad harvests of several years. In Finland the distress has been the most severe, but has been in some measure relieved by contributions. Lately, however, grain has become scarce and people are dying of hunger in the Baltic provinces and in White-Russia—that part next to Poland. In the government of Viatka there is much distress, and even in the governments of Vladimir and Riazan, which are on the lines of railway. The Emperor has just appointed a commission, with the Czarowitz at its head, to receive and distribute contributions, making himself a large gift to the fund.

* Considering the condition of the Polish Catholics, this Russian sympathy for the "ill-treated Christians" of Turkey is somewhat trying to the world at large.—ED. NATION.

But perhaps the best reason why Russia does not wish to go to war at present is the condition of its railway system. All recent wars have shown how railways can facilitate campaigns by the rapid transportation of troops, but the Crimean war showed Russia how necessary railways were to protect her frontiers and to supply her army with food. In the last few years railways have been projected and pushed in every direction. The Government has usually taken the initiative, and then has made over the road to a private company. At present the Nikolai road, from St. Petersburg to Moscow, is the only one in operation belonging to the Government, and this is about to be sold, the proposals for purchase being now under consideration. So far, all the new railways have been commercial successes, and the stock of one or two is above par.

The two great railways in operation are the Nikolai road, just mentioned, and the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, with its connection from Wilna to the Prussian frontier. This is the only channel in winter for Russian trade. A third railway, of great commercial importance and invaluable in case of war, is the Southern road, from Moscow to Odessa. This is now open from Moscow to Tula, the Birmingham and Sheffield of Russia. From Tula to Orel and from Orel to Kursk the rails are laid and in order, but the stations are not completed. They are to be ready in June. From Kursk to Kiev the road is entirely graded, the rails are partly laid, and some of the bridges and stations completed. This section is to be opened in August. From Kiev to Balta no rails are yet laid, but this work will be begun in March. The foundations of the bridges are built, and the iron-work on the spot. This section, it is thought, will be opened in September, but that is very doubtful. From Balta to Odessa the road is open. The entire route is 1,048 miles; the distance open is 243 miles. Until this road is finished it is impossible in the present state of the Russian highways—which are much out of repair—for troops to pass with sufficient rapidity to the south of Russia to protect it against invasion, or to send army supplies enough to keep such troops in fighting condition. Branches are to connect Odessa with Kishinev, in Bessarabia, and with the Galician frontier. Another great railway is to connect this Southern road with Riga. It is completed from Riga to Smolensk, 297 miles, cutting the Warsaw road at Dwinaburg, and will connect with the Southern road at Orel 320 miles beyond Smolensk. From Riga a road has been authorized to Libau, a port open nearly all the winter, but little or nothing has been done on it.

To the south-east, the road from Moscow to Voronezh is now open, 365 miles in length, with a branch road of eighty miles to Moshansk. This branch is to be continued to Pensa. The main road is to be prolonged eastward to Saratov on the Volga, and southward to Taganrog on the Sea of Azof. Some forty-five miles at the southern extremity are done. A branch is also to connect it with the southern road at Orel. Another road is in construction from Kursk on the southern road through Kharkov to Taganrog. One branch of this will run south through Ekaterinoslav and the Crimea to Balaklava; and another through Poltava and Olviopol to Balta. It is completed from Balta to Olviopol; from Olviopol to Elizabetgrad will be opened in the summer. The rest will not be ready for two years. There is a small line open connecting the Don and the Volga at Tsaritain, fifty miles long.

To the eastward, there is a short road of forty-four miles from Moscow to the Troitsa monastery, which is to be continued to Yaroslav. The road from Moscow to Nizhni-Novgorod, 265 miles, has been open for two years, and a double track is now being laid part of the distance. A road is projected from Perm through the Ural to Tumen, to connect the basins of the Kama and the Obi and also another from Viatka to Krasnoborsk on the Dwina. On the former work is to be begun in the spring; it is very doubtful if the latter is ever begun.

At the north, beside the short railroads which connect St. Petersburg with the environs, there is one in Finland of sixty-eight miles from Helsingfors to Tavastehus. Preliminary surveys are being made of a road from Helsingfors to St. Petersburg; and the road on the south of the Gulf from St. Petersburg to Revel will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The Polish frontier is tolerably well protected by a road from Warsaw to the Austrian frontier near Cracow, and to the Prussian frontier near Thorn. Besides these there runs a road directly east from Warsaw 130 miles to Brest-Litovsk, on the boundary between Poland and Russia proper. Poland is just the place where there would be most danger to Russia in a war at this time. The populace of the cities is not yet so quieted but that it might again rise and give much trouble.

In a recent article the *Moscow Gazette* declared that the western frontier was not safe against a successful invasion without the creation of a new secondary line of fortresses, and the construction of a railway from

Brest-Litovsk through Smolensk to Moscow. Since then this road has been authorized, the capital has been partly subscribed, and surveys are to be begun in the spring. It will be over 550 miles long.

The railway from Cracow to Czernowitz, extending the whole length of Galicia, is, a Moscow paper says, "as good as an army of observation posted there of 200,000 men," and will continue so until it is met by the road from Balta to Kamenetz-Podolsk and Volotchinsk; but of this there is no prospect for two years.

There are railways proposed even in the Caucasus—one from Tiflis to Poti on the Black Sea, and another from Tiflis to Baku on the Caspian. Work on the former, 193 miles long, has commenced already. The other has only been surveyed.

To sum up the whole, there are in Russia in actual operation 3,492 miles of railway; 2,300 miles more are actually in process of construction. For more than 3,000 miles more charters have been granted, and surveys are, or are about to be, made. But it will be two years before the extremities of the empire are connected with each other and with the food-growing districts.

I am unable to learn anything of the fortifications at Kertch, which the *Nation* of Jan. 16 says are building. The present naval station is at Nikolaiev. The fleet in the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea does not exceed the force prescribed by the treaty of Paris, and no large vessels of war are building there. I have heard the hope several times expressed, that in case of war vessels could be bought cheaply in America.

Perhaps the growing independence of the press has been twisted by French journalists into an indication of a desire for war. A newspaper may now discuss most subjects with much freedom; but too severe criticism of governmental acts, abuse of foreign sovereigns, or articles contrary to religion and good morals, would subject the paper to a warning. After three warnings the publication is suspended for some time. The *Golos* (Voice) of St. Petersburg was recently warned for an article on the Emperor Napoleon which was thought to go beyond the bounds of fair criticism; and the *Moskva* of Moscow has been suspended for four months for violent articles on the ministry in regard to the proposed reforms in the tariff. During the attempt of Garibaldi on Rome, the journals of all shades were, without restraint from the Government, very free in expressing their sympathy with Italy, and their hope that France would be forced to succumb. The very incident of the warning of the *Golos*, by the protests it called forth, showed the independence of the unofficial Russian newspapers and the existence of a public opinion. Now the reconstruction of Austria is freely and intelligently criticized, quite as freely as a similar subject would be in America. This is individuality of opinion; but the journalists of Western Europe will not believe so; they still talk of a *mot d'ordre*, and if any paper speaks boldly of the situation and of the duties of Russia, they regard it as immediate proof of the warlike attitude of the Russian Government.

The *Moscow Gazette* was recently reproached by the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* for giving rise to such misinterpretations, by the freedom of its remarks on European politics, as great importance is attached to whatever it says. M. Katkof, in last Tuesday's paper, indignantly replies that his opinions are his own, and he refuses to be bound by the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, or any one else, as to their justice or to the fitness of expressing them; that he holds himself responsible to the Government if he goes beyond the law, and that he is not to blame if ignorant persons draw wrong conclusions from the words of his paper.

Correspondence.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: If your strictures upon the "Annals of the Christian Commission," in your issue of March 12, affected only myself, I should not trouble you with any complaint of them. But the book will be regarded by the public, so far as it is regarded at all, as an official document of the Commission, and I am not willing that any serious misapprehensions which are capable of ready explanation shall affect the good name of the society. There are two or three such misapprehensions in your article, which, with your permission, I will endeavor to correct as briefly as possible.

1. I do not think the early weakness of the Christian Commission or the smallness of its work can be fairly attributed to "bad management." It is true that there were several months of discouraging effort on the part of its promoters before "the people were brought to a perception of the im-

portance of the work proposed." (Mr. Morrison's "inventory" of the Commission's effects was written in July, 1862, not 1863, as your types unintentionally say.) But there were sufficient reasons for this in the circumstances of the case—in the excitement and uncertainty which pervaded the public mind, affecting alike the Government and the people. Such hindrances are common in the beginning of similar movements, and the philanthropic societies to which our war gave rise shared this almost universal experience. The Sanitary Commission, as its history clearly shows, had like difficulties at the outset of its work, and its period of depression was even longer than in the case of the Christian Commission. The character of the men first associated with the Sanitary Commission, and the wisdom of its plans, ought to have secured to it without delay, one might think, national position and influence. Only this would have been contrary to rational expectation, as taught by the previous history of such enterprises. And so for fifteen months they had to encounter all sorts of "rebuffs" and embarrassments. The earlier chapters of Mr. Stillé's history, and the chapters contributed by Dr. Bellows and Mr. Strong, are very instructive reading upon this point. Mr. Strong writes that in November, 1861 (five months after its organization), "the Commission was as yet hardly known to the people." Its seventh session, held at Washington, Dec. 3, 1861, "was thought likely to be its last." During February, 1862, "its members inclined daily more and more to the opinion that their work must soon be abandoned," for they saw the work "growing larger and more costly every day," with "no corresponding increase in the means to support it." In the following month "telegrams and letters" from the headquarters of the Commission in Washington to the members of the Finance Committee in New York, stating that the army had commenced a forward movement, that a great battle seemed at hand, and that ten thousand dollars should be raised for the Commission at once, brought back the response, "Capitalists have done enough; no more money can be raised in New York." This response was "disheartening" and "chilling," and on its receipt "a motion to disband was anxiously discussed at Washington;" but acting like noble and patriotic men, as the commissioners were, it was "unanimously negatived." The same question was again considered, a fortnight later, in New York, and again negatived. It was not until July, 1862, that "the Commission had learned how much suffering the people could remedy, and what service the people could render the national cause through its agency." Summing up the case, Mr. Strong says: "The financial infancy of the Commission ended in September, 1862. For fifteen months it had lived from hand to mouth. It had been more than once on the point of death from inanition." This state of "infancy" ended by the receipt from California of the magnificent sum of \$100,000—unexpected and unprecedented—not sent directly to the Commission, but placed at the disposal of President Lincoln by the Mayor of San Francisco, and by the President, at the suggestion of Surgeon-General Hammond, turned over to the Commission. Dr. Bellows says that "this hundred thousand dollars, with all it implied, was the making and the saving of the United States Sanitary Commission." It was received October 14, 1862. This "arrested universal attention;" it "excited emulation and was at once imitated;" and it "fastened the eyes and the confidence of the wavering upon the Commission." The receipts at once rose from a monthly average during the preceding quarter of \$23,263 32, to a monthly average during the quarter following of \$161,841 52, an increase of almost sevenfold. It would be the very opposite of just to say that this trying experience of the Sanitary Commission was due to "bad management." It would only be just to say that its successful issue out of its trials was due to its wise management and to its adaptation, thus made manifest, to the pressing needs of the army and nation. A similar judgment must be accorded, in all fairness, and upon quite similar grounds, to the Christian Commission.

2. You speak of the distribution of stores by the Christian Commission as "illegitimate work," as "precisely identical with the work of the Sanitary Commission," and as costing much more than its "legitimate work." It is doubtless true that such distribution, to the extent ultimately reached, was "not distinctly intended at first" by the Christian Commission. Nor was it any more distinctly intended at first by the Sanitary Commission. Both Commissions set themselves to minister to the comfort and efficiency of the army—the one having in view a certain specific object, being a "Commission of Enquiry and Advice in respect to the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces;" the other having for its specific object to "promote the spiritual and temporal welfare" of the soldiers. Both soon learned the great value of "stores" as auxiliaries to their main purposes, and did not hesitate to use them to the utmost of their ability according to the demand. In both cases the distribution of stores was in a sense "subordinate," and yet in both the money value of the stores was greater than

for all other parts of the work. Mr. Stillé, in the history of the Sanitary Commission, frequently calls attention to the fact that the Commission "had for its main design a preventive service," and that "at the outset the intention was not to concern itself with supplying" the wants of the soldiers by its own direct ministrations as a relief agency. He speaks of the "popular error" of looking upon the Commission as "only a relief association upon a grand scale," which "quite overshadowed in popular estimation its original purpose, if not the exclusive and peculiar work which it proposed to engage in." The Commission, however, "never departed from the true scientific idea and conception of a preventive system, and always regarded the relief system, vast as was the place occupied by it in the war, as inferior in the importance of its results," etc. Dr. Bellows and Mr. Strong speak in the same way, the latter saying that the original purpose of the Commission was "mainly scientific and advisory," and that by the exigencies of the service it was "somehow compelled to go beyond its original programme of scientific investigation and advice." Now, the cash receipts of the Sanitary Commission were, in round numbers, \$5,000,000. Of this sum more than \$3,800,000 were expended in the "relief" and "supply" departments, which were aside from "the original programme," and less than \$350,000 for preventive "inspection and advice." It would certainly be most unfair to add to the above the \$15,000,000 given to the Sanitary Commission in "stores" of various kinds, and then say that less than two per cent. of its gross revenues were bestowed upon its "legitimate" work, while ninety-four per cent. went for "illegitimate" objects; yet the principle you apply to the Christian Commission would require such division. It would be much better, because it would be true, to say that both Commissions held to their "original programmes," and found that in carrying these out, and adapting them to the changing needs of the army, they could relieve untold suffering and administer unspeakable comfort, there being still left a vast residue of pain and want that all the agencies were insufficient to remove.

3. I cannot admit that the "Annals of the Christian Commission" is justly chargeable with "illiberality" towards the Sanitary Commission. I can most heartily endorse your statement, making only the necessary enlargement, that the Sanitary and Christian Commissions are "fixtures of the American mind," and that no one can omit mention of them on proper occasion, "in an account of the agencies that have latterly ameliorated war," without himself suffering by the omission. Neither of these Commissions has an historical parallel except in the other, and they will be so regarded in the future. In my introductory "Glance Backward," which you are pleased to speak of as "useless," I refer to those agencies which were in operation previous to our own war. There was no opportunity for speaking of either Commission except in an incidental way, and both are thus mentioned. In the first chapter of the Annals I sketch the "Preliminary movements" to the organization of the Christian Commission. In this chapter there is, of course, scarcely a reference to the Christian Commission, for it was not yet organized, but there is a statement of the principal facts concerning the organization of the Sanitary Commission, with names and dates. The statement is necessarily brief, but more was hardly practicable with the limited space at command, nor could more be needful when the Commission itself was publishing a full history of its operations. I set myself the task of writing the Annals of one Commission, and not of giving an adequate account of other agencies. There are between twenty and thirty references by name in my book to the Sanitary Commission. I do not think that one of them has the slightest color of "illiberality" or unkind feeling. I have no such feeling, and am very sure that it is neither expressed nor implied in anything I have written.

Respectfully yours,

LEMUEL MOSS.

LEWISBURG, PA., March 17, 1868.

ANGLO-SAXON DECLENSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A writer in the *Nation* of March 26, criticising Professor Shute's "Manual of Anglo-Saxon," objects to the terms "Vowel-Declension" and "N-Declension" as used in that work, asserting that the former should be called "Consonant-Declension" and the latter "Vowel-Declension." Permit one of your readers to say a word in defence of Professor Shute's nomenclature. It is founded, not on the forms of the nominative singular (which are often specially affected by phonetic changes), but on the forms of the stem, the common basis of the whole case-inflection. Thus in the N-Declension, *n* is the final letter of the stem. In the nominative singular this *n* is lost, as in *nama*, "name," *heorte*, "heart;" but it appears almost everywhere else, as in the genitive singular *naman*, *heortan*, genitive plural *namena*, *heortena*, etc.

(Compare the Latin *sermo*, *ratio*, in which the final *n* of the stem, though lost in the nom. sing., appears in the gen. *sermonis*, *rationis*.) So, too, in the Vowel-Declension, the final vowel of the stem (unless it was originally long) was generally lost in the nom. sing., as in *fisc*, "fish," *dæd*, "deed," *lust*, "lust." That in these words the stem actually ended in a vowel, is a fact generally recognized: it is clearly apparent in the Gothic accusative plural *fiskans*, *dēdins*, *lustuns*, where we see the common case-ending *ns* applied to the stems *fiska*, *dēdi*, *lustu*. (Compare the Latin *cir* and *animal*, of which the stems, *cirō* and *animali*, lose their final *o* and *i* in the nom. sing.) But if the final stem-vowel was originally long, it was not wholly lost in the Anglo-Saxon nom. sing.: thus *gifu*, "gift," Gothic *giba*, originally *gibā*.

If these simple statements are correct—and it is believed that they represent the accepted views of the best living philologists—then Professor Shute's two declensions, with the names he gives them, are in accordance with the actual system of Teutonic formation and inflection. It is true that this arrangement makes no provision for stems ending in other consonants than *n*, as stems in *r* and in *nd*; but in Anglo-Saxon these are either so few in number, or so little distinguished in their inflection, that their peculiarities may be treated, properly enough, in an elementary book as mere anomalies.

NEW HAVEN, March 30.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE have but little to add to former announcements. "Old Deccan Days," which we mention elsewhere, is to be republished by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. The same house will issue "Odontalgia, commonly called Toothache: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure," by S. Parsons Shaw; "Horace Wilde," a novel, by Mrs. M. Jeanie Mallory; a book of selections from various authors, entitled "The Garland;" "The Divine Teacher: being the Recorded Sayings of Our Lord Jesus Christ during His Ministry on Earth;" and the Honorable John Bigelow's edition of "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." It is edited from the original manuscript just as it came from Franklin's own hand. He wrote it at the solicitation of his friend, M. Le Veillard, and in 1789 gave to that gentleman a copy of all of it that was then finished. The original remained in his own possession, and passed at his death to his grandson, William Temple Franklin, who undertook a life of his grandfather for a London house. For the convenience of the printer—so goes the Le Veillard family tradition—Temple Franklin exchanged the autograph sketch for the copy then in the hands of Madame Le Veillard, then a widow. From her it descended to her daughter; from her daughter to a M. De Senarmont, a cousin of the daughter; from him to his grandson M. P. De Senarmont, who transferred it to Mr. Bigelow, the American Minister. Mr. Bigelow, collating it with the edition that had appeared in the London life, found that no less than twelve hundred separate changes had been made in the text—of what character and how serious he does not say—and that the last eight pages of the work, second in value to no other part of it, had been omitted entirely.

—Iowa is a State of which one hears comparatively little, but that little is almost wholly good. We observe that the Superintendent of Public Instruction, in his report for the past year, compares Massachusetts in 1864 with Iowa in 1867, during which years the number of persons between five and twenty-one years of age was 362,466 and 372,930, respectively—nearly enough equal for the superintendent's purpose. The respective appropriations for schools were at those dates, \$1,568,833 and \$2,069,597; and the total amount paid per capita on the population named, \$4.33 and \$5.55. The ratio of the amount paid for the support of common schools to the taxable property of the State was, in Massachusetts, \$0.00172, in Iowa, \$0.00808. We do not vouch for these figures, but the emulation is worthy of remark. The *Iowa School Journal*, from which we take them, has as usual, under the head of "School Law Decisions," several reported cases of litigation concerning school-property, the sites of school-houses, etc., which we do not at present recall in the school journals of any other State. This does not, we presume, indicate a greater amount of wrangling over these familiar subjects of difference in country places—where the problem of ascertaining the "centre" is as difficult, often, as to find the centre of the universe—but only, perhaps, a peculiar mode of settlement and a very useful way of putting them on record, considering the needs of a growing and still youthful State.

—A connected history of printing machines, says the *Proof Sheet*, from Guttenberg's time to our own, could not fail to be interesting. A good history would, of course, go further back than Guttenberg's day. As De Quincey pointed out—we think he first pointed it out, though the remark is credited to Whately—the ancients had invented printing, and it is probable that the Germans would have been saved the trouble of reinventing it had the ancients been able to make paper or some cheap substitute for paper. And it is altogether likely that before Rome was, the Chinese had movable types or blocks and machines for using them. To furnish material for the work wished for in case any one chooses to attempt it, the *Proof Reader* gathers from authentic sources some facts about the invention of the rotary press. The success of cheap papers publishing large editions demanded in the printing press greater speed than could be attained by the "single cylinder," which was the first advance from the hand-press. Hoe's "double cylinder" or "pony" was invented, and being capable of making five thousand impressions an hour, it soon superseded the "single cylinder." At that time England had four-feeder presses, capable of doing the same work, but they required not only four feeders, as the name indicates, but thicker and more expensive paper than our penny papers could afford to use. So the attempt to use them in the office of the *Courier and Enquirer* failed. The circulation of cheap journals increasing, something faster than the "pony" was required. A "railway press" was produced by Messrs. Hoe, which may be described as a circular track, round the circumference of which travelled a "form," which passed in its course under six impression cylinders, each of which presented a sheet to the types. It worked but badly in practice, and was soon given up. In 1842 the same inventors made a machine in which the type-bed was stationary, and several impression cylinders, fastened by the ends to two parallel endless chains, rolled over the form, then passed under it, then over it again, and so on, the cylinders, of course, revolving on their axes. As they went under the form they took sheets from "feed-boards," and as they finished their passage over the types these sheets were delivered in a pile at the end of the machine. At the point of each cylinder were two inking rollers. Next came a variation of the "railway press" called the "planetarian press," which, however, was not successful, and which we mention because in the endeavor to overcome a vital defect in it by the use of a type-bed concave instead of flat, the idea was suggested to Colonel Richard Hoe of making the "form" convex, and revolving it with all its type set. The idea of turning a form of type upside down, and whirling it round more than a hundred times a minute seemed laughable to the printers. Hoe went on, however, and did it; at least he whirled it round a hundred times in a minute, and the problem of a rotary press was solved. This was in 1846. In 1847 the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia was printed on the new machine, and in 1849 Colonel Hoe sold the eighth specimen of it to the publishers of *La Patrie*, in Paris, in the office of which journal it is still in use. The credit of conceiving the idea of type placed on a cylinder is probably due, it is said, to William Nicholson, of London, who took out a patent so long ago as 1790 for a hand-worked machine, the essential principle of which is identical with that of the Hoe press.

—We spoke a week or so ago of Barrère's fabulous *Vengeur*. We omitted to mention that besides De Quincey, Hamerton, and Thackeray, Carlyle was troubled by the glorious heroism of the crew, and that he took pains to investigate the case with thoroughness, and in his "French Revolution" ascribes the invention to Barrère's desire to soothe the people's wrath on account of Lord Howe's victory. And subsequently, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, M. A. Jal, the historiographer of the French navy, honorably came forward and set the matter finally at rest, by publishing from the naval archives the official despatch of the captain, who no more perished than the rest of the ship's company, but was peaceably dining aboard the *Culloden* when the ship sunk, quietly and without shouting of any kind. And as for Barrère's invention of the phrase, "A nation of shopkeepers," in the report which he made to the Convention on that occasion, a correspondent calls our attention to the fact that John Adams had previously coined the term. Samuel Adams, probably, he means. He is said to have used it in "an oration purporting to have been delivered at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776," and published at the same city, in the same year. Mr. Wells, in his life of Adams, says that no American edition of the oration has ever been seen, but that four copies of a London issue are known to be in existence, and that there was a German edition. (Vide Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," 14th page of "Addenda.") But this does not, perhaps, deprive Barrère of the credit of the invention. It certainly is not at all improbable that he may have read a translation of Adams's speech, and, eighteen years afterwards, used a striking expression borrowed

from it. On the other hand, the haughty Barrère, out of the depth of a soul far above buttons, may have evolved the reproachful designation for mercantile Albion by an independent process. So far as priority of use goes, neither he nor Mr. Adams would seem to have any claim to the authorship of it. Josiah Tucker, who was Dean of Gloucester in the latter half of the last century, is set down by Mr. Bartlett as having said in 1766, ten years before Adams's speech, that "what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation." But whether Barrère, or an Englishman, or an American invented the phrase in question, it is beyond doubt that the rest of the famous report is the Frenchman's. It will please him, if sublimary lies can interest him in his present abode, to see what they are doing in the Parisian Théâtre du Châtelet. The management have had in preparation for a long time a grand spectacular drama, the final tableau of which represents the *Vengeur* sinking, and every man and boy aboard her crying "Vive la République." Perhaps our readers know that the French official censor refuses to approve or condemn a theatrical piece till the scenery is provided and it has been rehearsed and the manager can show precisely how he intends to put it before the eyes as well as into the ears of the people. The managers grumble, of course, but, of course, have to submit. As the scene of the new melodrama is laid in Republican times, it was with difficulty that the manager could get permission to produce it at all, and he was in danger of seeing his money lost, and, with it, months of labor. The censor would have no Statue of Liberty; the Marseillaise and the Ça Ira were peremptorily forbidden, and it was declared emphatically that "Vive la République" should never be shouted on the boards of any French theatre. After weeks of negotiation it was decided that the Cancan might be substituted for the Carmagnole, that the statue of Ceres must take the place of the Goddess of Liberty, and that in the final tableau the heroic crew must sink to the music of "Partant pour la Syrie," and with energetic cries of "Vive l'Empereur." These anachronisms plunged the souls of the managers and the authors into desolate despair. "But there was then no Emperor; there was then no Queen Hortense!" So the censor, susceptible to ideas, permits that instead of "Vive l'Empereur," the crew shall shout "Vive la France," and that if the authors like they may put "Chapeau de Marguerite," or some other non-political air, in place of the anachronistic composition of Hortense. Worn out, the authors at last appealed from the censor to Marshal Vaillant, and now the *Vengeur* goes down nightly as in the gospel according to M. Barrère. This concession provokes surprise in Paris, for eternal vigilance is the price of some sorts of "liberty" as well as others, and the mild rule of Louis Napoleon has not hitherto dispensed with the precautions the censor sought to impose.

MR. BEECHER'S NOVEL.*

IF our memory serves us, it was a week or ten days after the first Bull Run that the *Waverley Magazine* or some other family paper first brought out the young man who, looking nobly in his uniform, marches haughtily out of the town at the head of his company, without having said good-by. At the same time appeared the young woman, equally haughty, who does not say good-by either, but whose heart stands still whenever the evening paper comes, who makes things for the Sanitary Commission, and then by-and-by travels to the front, going up and down in the hospitals, and walking to and fro in them, pallid but firm, until towards the close of the war a familiar form, reduced to skin and bone, is borne into her ward to be tended. Since then he and she have made the staple of many hundreds of stories. We do not apologize for speaking disrespectfully of them; the men and women who write these things are not they who did them. It is after the pattern of such tales that "Norwood," so far as it is a novel merely, is constructed. Rose Wentworth and Alice Cathcart and Barton Cathcart and Frank Esel and Tom Heywood and other principal personages, on whose doings the plot turns, and on whom the book, as a novel, depends for existence, are the average heroes and heroines of the magazine war-tales, doing in all faithfulness the old duty of their kind. And the plot is this: The year of the war finds the people above-mentioned at Norwood, a Massachusetts village, engaged in loving or being loved. The men at once go into the army to be brave soldiers, and the women soon go into the hospital as devoted nurses. One of the men turns rebel—against his better judgment, for he cannot help respecting the North after becoming acquainted with it; he is killed, and the nurse who loves him dies of a broken heart. Of the other men who may be called heroes, one becomes a colonel in the Federal army, and the other, the hero, rapidly gets promotion, becomes a general, is badly wounded, is nursed by the heroine, recovers, and marries her. For they say

* "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England. By Henry Ward Beecher." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 12mo, pp. xi., 549.

to each other, "Why was my letter never answered?" or words to that effect; and then, "What letter?" and so on, and thus discover that the hero was not cold nor the heroine proud, and that if it had not been for that unfortunate, not to say conventional, piece of correspondence they might have lived happily ever afterwards a good while before they actually did.

"Norwood" as a novel, then, a man is to blame for liking; unless indeed he has formed a habit of liking Norwoods. And as a picture of "Village Life in New England"—to quote the second title—it seems to us also open to exception. Village life in any part of New England within our knowledge, is not very well depicted on canvases where the figures most prominent are gigantic, half-witted negroes closely allied to nature, stranded old sailors addicted to "chaffing" their pastors with subtlety of humor, young ladies of the highest culture, blooded Southern gentlemen studying law and political economy, landscape painters, poetical and philosophical and religious doctors who sit beneath the elms in summer and amid books in winter, discoursing on the deepest themes, sceptical lawyers and learned clergymen who cannot see God in the beautiful flowers, but only in the abstractions of Calvinism. A very little of these things goes a very great way in the real life of most New England villages. And then again, the real life in New England towns of five or six thousand inhabitants has its bad and mean side, which, to be sure, no writer need dwell upon unless he likes, which, if he chooses, he need not touch upon at all, but which nevertheless exists, and which not the novelist, but only the sketch-writer or the romancer, can properly forget. In "Norwood" there is surely too much of the rose tint for reality; saints of a comfortable kind, and other people, who, on the whole, are to be respected and loved, are almost the only people of whom we get a glimpse, and quite the only ones of whom we get more than a glimpse. "Sketches of Village Life in New England" would seem to be a better title than the one the author has used. For we should not say that in painting anything which he has selected for representation Mr. Beecher has not been reasonably true to nature. On the contrary, we are disposed to take for correct all that he has given us, and some of his figures we recognize as excellently well done. But certainly he did arbitrarily select; and apparently his principle of selection was to take the agreeable and good and to leave everything else.

As a gallery of Yankee portraits—portraits, at any rate, of Yankees of the period when Mr. Beecher and we were younger than we are now—"Norwood" appears to us a success. Deacon Marble we know; and we felicitate ourselves on having known Hiram Beers when he was engaged in agricultural pursuits under an alias, and in a different part of the State; and nobody ever lived in Massachusetts without knowing at least the germs of several Agate Bissells and the living image of Mrs. Marble, and somebody very like Mr. Chandler, and somebody of whom Mr. Turfmould is hardly a caricature. We know so well the originals of these characters, especially of the best of them, Hiram, that we can hardly tell how much of the total impression to which his book gave rise is due to Mr. Beecher's skill and how much to our own previous knowledge; but this reservation being made, we have no hesitation in saying to the reader that Mr. Beecher stands high among the dozen or so of prose writers who have attempted to delineate the Yankee. He is better than Dr. Holland, or Mr. Mitchell, or Judge Haliburton, or Doctor Holmes—except as the father of "the young man John"—or Mr. De Forest, or Mr. Chamberlain; and he seems to us to have caught the spirit of New England life fully as well as Mrs. Stowe. Mr. Trowbridge, in his limited range, appears to us better. Readers who only know him on other ground would hardly believe how marvellously acute an eye he has for the New England character in its meanest and most sordid aspects. The gripping, hard-cider-drinking, weather-beaten, wiry old reprobate, who half-starves his lean cows on a lean farm, who is always recalcitrant as regards his town-tax, who works his sallow wife to death, whose sons grow up to join the engine company, whose impudent daughter comes to grief, who puts "the old man" into the poor-house, who is litigious to the last degree, who never misses a town-meeting—this sadly demoralized child of the Puritans, his countenance, his speech, his habits of thought, his conduct of life, Mr. Trowbridge has at his fingers' ends. Mr. Trowbridge we speak of at greater length partly because he is, perhaps, less known than his merits deserve, and partly because in his writings may be found one side of ordinary New England life which is not to be found in "Norwood."

When one has found fault with "Norwood" as a badly constructed novel with a well-worn plot, with a too well-known prig for a hero and an equally well-known bit of perfection for a heroine; and has praised it for containing some excellent sketches of New England character, he has put his finger on its most obvious defect, indeed its confessed defect, and on its most striking merit—artistically speaking, its greatest merit. But, when this has been

done, the larger part of the work will still remain uncriticised. For the sketches of character and the slender thread of a story are embedded in a mass of brief essays on scores of subjects—on the influence of the New England Sabbath; on the art of dressing a tea table with flowers and tinted leaves; on the duty of a Christian as regards indulging himself in green houses and other means of culture; on Pre-Raphaelitism in art; on the value to the preacher and student of Christianity of a right use of natural objects; on the progress of a soul from doubt to faith; on the origin of Gothic architecture; on the difference between the Northern and Southern character, and the like. Of these little disquisitions most are very sound and useful, if all are not new.

Of course, there is also much of the happy imagery in which Mr. Beecher's sermons abound, and many of that kind of sayings which the natural and professional orator so almost inevitably gets into the way of uttering, and which, when uttered by the living voice, seem beautiful and wise, but are perceived to be devoid of meaning when coolly examined. This, for example, in the worst manner of the platform and pulpit, occurs in a description of a man in love:

"Is the soul confused? Why not, when the divine spirit, rolling clear across the aerial ocean, breaks upon the heart's shore with all the mystery of heaven. Is it strange that uncertain lights dim the eye, if above the head of him that truly loves hover clouds of saintly spirits?"

This, on the other hand, is well said and quite worth the attention of gushing writers: "A gentleman should have feeling, but should hide it. People of much sentiment are like fountains whose overflow keeps a disagreeable puddle around them." There are a great many such strokes. We close with a brief extract, the first we come upon, which illustrates pretty well Mr. Beecher's usual way of employing figurative language, and seems to us to exhibit also that quality which, after all, is what pleases most and has been most effective in his sermons and his writings and his public life—his ready, warm, loving sympathy with his fellows, his kindness, in the true sense of that word. "Norwood" is full of it, and no one, we should say, will lay down the book without finding himself softer-hearted than when he took it up. Apply to it Marcus Aurelius's rule for considering of things and it will be easy to find fault with it as to manner; and the matter of it will not be thought of high value; but the purpose of it, if we judge that by its influence for good, will have to be praised and the writer will receive our thanks.

But this is our extract, evidently too hastily written:

"We smile at names. We weigh them in the scale of the ear for sweetness or smoothness; we cull some, we reject others. We laugh at men's odd and awkward names, and quite justly too, it may be; since capricious whims and vagrant fancies, or mere carelessness, so often select them. But sometimes a name is a history. It is like a pictured vase. We see the figures without thinking in what furnace those colors were fastened, and by what fire the glazing was fused. Is there any history or record of the heart more touching and simple than that of old? And it came to pass as Rachael's soul was departing, for she died, that she called his name Ben-oni—Son of my sorrow."

A HISTORY OF COFFEE.*

MR. WELTER'S monograph seems to be more the work of love than of labor. It does not pretend to be exhaustive. It was written, as the author acknowledges, in rural retirement, "far from rich libraries and great commercial centres." But his authorities—from Prosp. Alp'us ("De Plantis Egypti." Venice. 1592), Pietro della Valle ("Viaggi." Rome. 1658), and Silv. Dufour ("Traitez nouveaux et curieux du café" Lyons. 1685), down to C. Ritter, Schouw, Alph. de Candolle, Payen, Molechott, Von Bibra, A. Chevallier, L. Marchand, Liebig, and Reichenbach—if not very numerous are well chosen, and he has succeeded in making his book, in almost all its parts, both amusing and instructive. To ourselves, who happen to share the author's fondness for coffee, it is doubly interesting, but we can boldly recommend to all friends of French literature this history of a plant not less noble but more innocent than the vine.

Not to Arabia Felix, though it long enjoyed the reputation, but to the southern parts of Abyssinia—Kaffa, Enarea, and Shoa—belongs the honor of being the native home of the coffee-tree, which is, however, to be found in a wild state also in other parts of equatorial Africa, as far west as the Senegal and the Gulf of Guinea. Its popular name it may have derived from the mountainous land of Kaffa, in which it is said to abound, thriving in vast forests. Its scientific name (*Coffea arabica*, L.) it owes to the country which first began its cultivation. The Southern Abyssinians and their neighbors, the Gallas—the Ethiopians of the ancients—have probably used

* "Essai sur l'histoire du café. Par Henry Welter." Paris. 1868.

its fruit—so important to the Gallas on their frequent migrations—from times immemorial and in various ways. It was during a journey through the Ethiopian regions west of the Red Sea that a celebrated sheikh of Yemen and mufti of Aden, Shehab-eddin-Dhabani, who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century, for the first time tasted coffee, which, for various qualities, and chiefly for its preventing somnolency and heaviness, he found so admirable that he afterwards zealously promoted its propagation in his own country, principally with the object of aiding pious dervishes in spending their nights in prayers without drowsiness. His piety and learning made his advice and example effective. The various uses of the coffee-bean were readily appreciated by the people of Yemen, the cultivation of the tree was soon afterwards begun, and the rich soil of that region proved to be so well adapted to it that the product of its plantations, the coffee of Mocha, has to this day remained unrivalled.

From Aden coffee was introduced into other parts of Arabia, and from Mecca and Medina it easily spread into Egypt. In Mecca as well as in Cairo it soon became an aid to devotion, a means of grace, but also an article of luxury and finally of necessity. Coffee-houses were established, in which not prayers but amusements of every kind—chess-playing, gambling, and even dancing—were the order of the day and of the night. But the pious continued to drink coffee during their vigils in the very chapels of their mosques. It was in one of these chapels that Khair-Beg, a governor of Mecca, and just previously installed there by the Sultan of Egypt, surprised a noisy night-party of worshipping Moslems engaged in drinking no less than praying. Ignorant and brutal as he was, he could not be persuaded that the beverage before him was not intoxicating, but rather the reverse of it, and, enraged by the scandal, he with his foot overturned the boiling and drinking utensils, and swore by the beard of the Prophet that he would in future severely punish all similar profanations. Next day he convoked the doctors of the Koran together with the magistrates of the town, consulted also two famous Persian physicians, who gave a humbugging reply, silenced objections by the bastinado, and finally prohibited coffee altogether. But his decree was reversed by the Sultan of Egypt, who was fond of coffee himself, and could base his decisions on the authority of divines superior to those of Mecca. The anti-prohibitionists of the holy city were afterwards rejoiced by the bloody fall of Khair-Beg and the death, also, of his Persian medical advisers, which events were regarded as a manifest declaration of Allah in favor of coffee. This was now rapidly spread by the pilgrims to the Kaaba all over the Moslem world, especially as it was their habit to wear in their turbans, as relics, twigs of the coffee-trees of Mecca until they withered and fell off. The coffee-house gradually became an "institution." Its use was sanctioned by the Turkish Sultan Selim I., who conquered Egypt; vainly assailed in Cairo by fanatical preachers; ineffectually prohibited in the holy cities by Solymán the Magnificent, at the instigation of a favorite and bigoted wife; and even during the reign of that monarch introduced into Constantinople itself, the first *kahve-kahna* being founded, in 1554, by two Syrians of Aleppo and Damascus. Their splendid and luxurious establishments proved an extraordinary success, and were soon followed by numberless others in every style; but in the subsequent reigns, excesses and frivolities connected with these turbulent haunts of more or less refined idleness made them objectionable not only to the guardians of the Islam, but also to the government of the sultans, whose lives and actions were there passed in review and more or less justly criticised. They were, therefore, occasionally closed, and often subjected to restrictions, surveillance of the police, and special imposts. On the whole, however, coffee triumphed all over the East, its use becoming almost as general as that of milk or water, the poets of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey singing its praises, and only the recent sect of the Wahabees abstaining from it from motives of religious puritanism. Enormous quantities were exported yearly from Yemen, following the routes of the pilgrims not only to the Euphrates and the Tigris, the Bosphorus and the Gulf of Persia, but also to the Indus and the Oxus, the Niger and the Senegal. To most Moham. medans coffee by itself is what wine, brandy, beer, tea, and coffee together are to the occidental Christian.

In Western Europe the use of coffee became known about a hundred years after its introduction in Arabia. Leopold Rauwolf, of Augsburg, who in 1575 became acquainted with it in Aleppo, was the first to describe it in the relation of his journey through Turkey in Asia, published in 1582. The celebrated Italian botanist, Alpinus, director of the botanical garden of Padua, the most ancient in Europe, followed with a description of the coffee-tree in his "Plants of Egypt," a country which he had visited in 1580. Bacon, too, mentions coffee in his writings, but vaguely and inaccurately, though his contemporaries, Edw. Terry, who accompanied, in 1615, Sir Thomas Roe on his mission to the Great Mogul, in his relation of the journey, and Robert Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," show them-

selves familiar with the qualities of coffee and its use by the Orientals. Pietro della Valle speaks of it quite extensively in his third letter, dated Constantinople, February 15, 1615. He finds in it the *nepenthes* of the "Odyssey," that banisher of grief and sorrow which Helen brought from Egypt, while others, like the English travellers, George Sandys and Thomas Herbert, contemporaries of Della Valle, discovered in it the famous black broth of the Spartans! an opinion which had still to be refuted as late as 1775 by Richard Chandler.

Rome, Venice, and Padua were probably among the first cities of Western Europe into which coffee was introduced, thanks to Della Valle, to Alpinus, and his disciple and commentator, Veslingius. The spread of coffee was slower in Italy than in France, England, or Holland. In France, Marseilles was the first port which it entered, about the middle of the seventeenth century. A coffee-house was opened in 1671, and this first example met with ready imitation in the various towns of the south. The friends of the Levantine traveller, Jean Thévenot, were the first who drank coffee in Paris, where it soon became more widely known through the hospitality of Solymán-Aga, the envoy extraordinary of Sultan Mohammed IV. The first coffee-house in the French capital was a small establishment kept by an American, but it took some time before undertakings of this kind proved successful. The Oriental beverage, however, continued to become more and more fashionable, in spite of attacks by physicians and prejudices of every kind. Madame de Sévigné's antipathy against it has become almost historical, though our author proves that famous saying attributed to her—famous as a doubly false prediction—"Racine passera comme le café," never to have been uttered by her, it being but a counterfeit *mot*, made up by La Harpe after a passage in Voltaire's "Age of Louis XIV." Even as late as 1711, Madame d'Orléans, the mother of the regent, wrote to her sister, the Countess-Palatine, warning her against the terrible effects of coffee, "the Duchess of Hanau having died of it after horrible sufferings." The court of Versailles remaining neutral, however, the coffee-houses soon became the general resorts of the wits of the time, of the idle, and of the curious. Describing the age of the regency, Michelet says: "Paris devient un grand café . . . jamais la France ne causa plus et mieux." Voltaire and Fontenelle quite freely partook of the "boisson intellectuelle," designated by others as a "slow poison," which, if they died of it, killed the former at the age of eighty-four and the latter at the age of a hundred.

In Germany Vienna probably had the first coffee-house, established by a Polish warrior, Kocinski, who, having greatly distinguished himself under John Sobieski in the great battle which delivered that capital, in 1683, from its Turkish besiegers, received in reward of his valor a part of the large stock of coffee found in the tents of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha. An exclusive privilege, granted him by the Emperor Leopold I., the excellence of the coffee, and his own renown, procured him numberless customers, each of whom he uniformly addressed as *Herzensbruder*, under which appellation he was himself much talked of, in life and after death, by the thankful people of Vienna. The first coffee-house of Leipsic, established by Joseph Lehmann, still exists as the Arabian Coffee-Tree Restaurant, in the Fleischergasse, with its old sign given it, in 1718, by the Elector Augustus the Strong, who there drank his first cup of coffee. Frederick the Great imposed a heavy duty on coffee as an article of luxury which drained his exhausted realm of a great deal of money, and in a rescript to complainants reminded his subjects that "His majesty the king was nourished in his youth on beer-soup, which is much healthier than coffee."

In England the first coffee-house is believed to have been established at Oxford, in 1651, by a Jew named Jacob, who afterwards opened a similar establishment at Holborn. The use of coffee spread so rapidly that as early as 1660 it became an object of taxation by Parliament, and in 1686, if we may believe the naturalist John Ray, the number of coffee-houses in London at least equalled that of similar establishments in the great Mussulman city of Cairo. Physicians, brewers, Puritans, and witty pamphleteers in vain warned, clamored, preached, and wrote against the exotic heathen beverage, its temples—the "penny universities"—and its votaries. Even the "Women's Petition against Coffee," of 1674, a virulent diatribe, had no more effect than the vehement satires, "A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its Colors," and "A Broadside against Coffee," which preceded it. Coffee swept everything before it. In 1685, as Macaulay informs us in his chapter on the state of England in that year, the coffee-houses were already "the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. . . . Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. . . . Foreigners remarked that the coffee

house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. . . . There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits. . . . But why should we repeat in our limited space what good Protestants only believed? We therefore refer our more curious readers for this and many more curious details to Macaulay himself. But we must also hasten to conclude the extracts from our less pretentious French historian. We shall add only a few words on the spread of the coffee-plant over the globe.

The Dutch East India Company, which, about the middle of the sixteenth century, commenced carrying on a lucrative traffic with the coasts of Yemen, not only supplied with coffee the Mohammedans of India and the Sunda Isles, but, in 1690, also transplanted into Java a number of coffee-plants from Mocha and Aden. The island of Java enriched Holland with its own new product, and also became the great nursery for Ceylon and other countries then belonging to the Dutch, including Surinam in South America. The botanical garden of Amsterdam, which received from the same island some young plants, became another nursery, which, by supplying Louis XIV.'s "jardin royal des plantes," subsequently created rival plantations in the island of Bourbon, in Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Domingo, and other West India isles. In Jamaica we discover the first plantations in 1730; in Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, and in the South American possessions of Spain, as well as in Brazil, at a much later period. The English coffee plantations of Hindostan are even of earlier date than those of Jamaica. Recently the cultivation of the coffee-plant has penetrated also to the Sandwich Isles and other island groups of the Pacific.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1868, etc. Edited by Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868.)—This valuable compilation is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance in due course. The year 1867 was not signalized by any remarkable discovery in any of the domains of science, but will be memorable for the Paris Exposition of the material progress of the chief peoples of the earth. It appears to us that if the present digest is deficient in anything, it is in presenting pretty fully the admirable applications of science to the arts, and the aids afforded in return by the arts to science, in which the Exposition abounded. We should

suppose there could have been no lack of material for this, even in the English language, and certainly none if foreign sources had been diligently searched. The person of average ingenuity, however, will find, as it is enough to stimulate him to further inventions, and enough (in spite of the editor's sifting) to exercise his discrimination upon. For this collection resembles a good deal the cases in the Patent Office at Washington, in which one may again perceive a resemblance to the processes of nature—few realizations amid a profusion of possibilities. Many achievements are here noted which will never fructify, and many facts which time will prove to be falsehoods. Of the latter, not unimportant is the endorsement given to Liebig's artificial food for infants, which some late experiments in France, under good auspices, have shown to be fatally unfit for use; and in France, where the population increases none too fast, this preparation is likely to be proscribed altogether.

The Spirit of Seventy-Six; or, The Coming Woman. A prophetic drama, followed by "A Change of Base" and "Doctor Mondschein." (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.)—A good cause passes through many stages on its way from unpopularity to success; and when, having survived odium and persecution, and met and vanquished the arguments which it has extorted, it reaches the epoch of good-natured opposition, of burlesque and caricature without malice, and satire without a sting, it may know that the beginning of the end is at hand. In this view we have doubly relished the first of the three little comedies above-named, which foreshadows the consequences of female suffrage in a State like Massachusetts, where, as Carberry learns to his horror, there are two hundred thousand more women than men. The play hinges upon the absurdities of a female assessor, a female judge of the Supreme Court, and a female politician, and the ludicrous aspects of a state of society in which women make proposals of marriage to men, and every bachelor is exposed to two hundred thousand offers, more or less. These ideas are carried out with a great deal of humor, and appear to be well adapted for representation. The play has caused a marked sensation in Boston, where it has been acted by some of the *déité* for the benefit of the Cretans. "A Change of Base" is a slighter production, showing what came of one of those messages to a soldier which it was the fashion in Sanitary Commission times for young ladies to wrap up in socks for the army. Miss Flora Fayaway engages herself to a "Complete Letter-writer," alias Hezekiah Tarbox, from Skowhegan, Maine, but is saved by evident incompatibility, a maiden companion, and her cousin Captain Dashwood. "Doctor Mondschein," a homœopathic physician, by being confounded with the dance called "the German," is made to figure as a supposed poisoner, and in consequence to swallow his own dilutions by the jealous Mr. Backbay. All these plays abound in local allusions, but they will find favor wherever read or acted.

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From the London *Art Journal*, November, 1867.
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From the "Reports of Artisans selected by a Committee appointed by the Council of the British Society of Arts to visit the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867." (Page 171.)

"Tiffany & Co., of New York, have but a very small case of silver goods, but the articles exhibited are of a very superior class. The coffee-services and water-jugs ornamented in flat chasing are very beautiful, both in outline and workmanship; some of the articles are nearly, if not quite equal, to *repoussé*."

Ib. (Page 203.) "On Design."
"Tiffany & Co. show a few excellent tea-sets, etc., both as to form and decoration; the flat chasing described in the catalogue as *repoussé* being especially noteworthy. It is carried out to the fullest extent. Nothing equal to it in either the French or English departments."

"One of the pieces has a band of chasing—griffins and foliage; the drawing exceedingly good. Altogether they are lessons in the art of decorating utility."

Ib. (Page 208.) "Remarks."
"The United States show of silver work is very limited. Although they cannot boast of quantity, they may fairly boast of quality. The forms of the various articles exhibited are well considered. While the decorations are beautifully designed and carried out with patient care, the judgment with which different 'mats' are used is deserving of great praise, and demonstrates the extent to which the process of flat chasing may be carried. Compared with works of a similar kind exhibited by other countries, they seem to be perfect of their class, having no rivals. While other exhibits rest principally upon rare and costly works, elaborated to the highest degree, this little display of the Americans rests upon humble work, proving that ordinary articles may be exalted and invested with a dignity that will entitle them to rank with the proudest achievements of industrial art."

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